

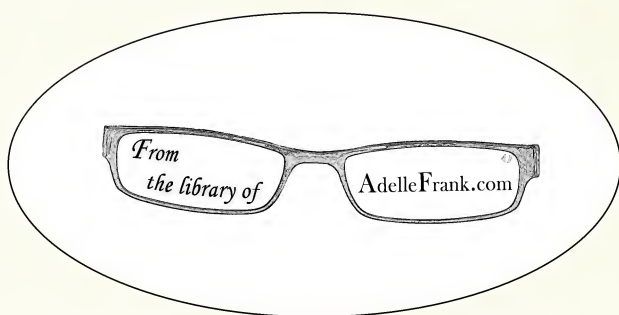
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the FAITHFUL

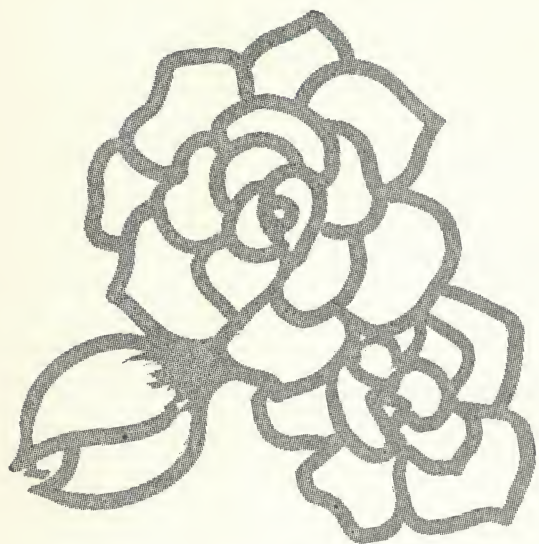


*by Inez
Long*

*FACES AMONG
THE FAITHFUL*







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THE FAITHFUL*

INEZ LONG

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TO

Mary Mathis Goughnour

TRUSTWORTHY CHRISTIAN MOTHER



Preface

I am thankful for the opportunity to add to the denominational bookshelf of a precise and proud people. Born one of them, I make no apology for the Brethren idiom in which the book is cast and in which its words are rooted. I only regret that literary incompetence leaves the rich symbols of our private heritage bereft from inept translation into public language.

I hope I have performed a service in perusing books long since out of print in order to bring historical material to contemporary pages. Countless fresh discoveries lie buried in original source material and remain for books smaller in scope, sharper in detail, stronger in conflict. The humanization of the Brethren, about which we are still defensive as Pietists and purists, is a fertile, unexplored field for the imaginative writer.

The writing of the book, including the selection of the twenty-eight women whose profiles form its contents, was initiated by the Brethren Press. Having known many of the women, I approached the writing assignment with special anticipation. However, as research, organization of material, and writing progressed, I validated the admonition of Stephen Vincent Benét: "You will find that virtuous characters are harder to do than vicious ones." I found that my characters had cultivated a capacity to absorb suffering so that their battles, after the manner of Greek tragedy in which the hero falls and fails yet struggles for victory against unconquerable

forces, comprised a heroism not seen quickly on the surface. The Christian symbolism of the crucifixion bore its marks on many of them.

I wish to thank those who shared mementos, recollections, and personal papers from family archives rich in treasures for a writer. I am indebted to Ora W. Garber, book editor, who salvaged ideas from an overlay of language. I am grateful to Dr. W. Hugh Missildine and Dr. Caleb W. Bucher, who encouraged me to read and write what I neglected and forgot. I am indebted to Dr. L. S. Lingenfelter, who brought living writers to my doorstep, among them Margaret Widdemer, Pulitzer Prize writer, who extended her graciousness to a beginner in the writing craft. I am grateful to those of spiritual stature in the Lancaster congregation whose Christian graces bore for me, daily, an image of the faithful which I worked to portray in the faces of my characters. Finally, the self-reliance of my son and daughter and the belief of my pastor-husband that we are stewards of God-given talents sustained a climate for me in which to write without regard to energy or time spent in what became, increasingly, a labor of love.

Where I have been unfaithful in my accounts of these women whose faces reflected "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," I trust the power of God to make luminous the radiance to which I was not blind but which I saw at best with flickering insight.

I pray that in the pages of this book, present-day Brethren women will take a pilgrimage to the Holy City, where, seeing the saints gathered, they will be moved to say with John Bunyan's Pilgrim, "When I had seen, I wished myself among them."

— *Inez Goughnour Long*

Lancaster, Pennsylvania
March 1, 1962

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Anna Margaretha Mack

Founder's Wife

"Three proclamations without objections. Wissen Sie?" Nodding their assent, Alexander and Anna and their parents completed marriage plans with the minister of the Reformed church in Schriesheim, Germany.

They were married in the village on January 18, 1701. Both were twenty-two years of age. Both were children of elders in the Reformed church. The bride was the daughter of John Valentine Kling, whose career in church and civil affairs paralleled that of the groom's father, John Philip Mack, one-time mayor and member of the village council.

The wedding, uncommon because of the social standing of both families, preluded events common enough to newlyweds. Alexander followed the trade of his father and became a miller. Anna pursued her duties as wife in a household in which two sons were born in the first two years of marriage, and later a son and two daughters. Prosperity came prematurely when John Mack bequeathed his estate to his two sons. Alexander's holdings grew into sudden and considerable wealth.

Events moved smoothly until a letter brought Anna's home squarely into the middle of a religious controversy. The letter, written on August 6, 1706, by the Reformed Church meeting in Heidelberg, five miles away, called the attention of the civil authorities of Schriesheim to certain religious

activity in the area. If left unchecked, it would "upset the citizenry, cause doubt among the faithful and lead others astray."

The letter cannot be understood apart from the emotions it sought to cool. For generations, civil authorities in Germany had smothered the religious reforms and counterreforms which broke out spontaneously for two centuries following the conflagration kindled by Martin Luther. Officials dared not ignore the sparks of a new flame, however small the area or however calm the air. Efficiently and promptly, the village officials acted.

They reported back to the church council that they had broken up a "heretical pack of people meeting in a mill nearby." The letter also concurred with the church in a warning: the new sect of fifty followers could grow into hundreds if not kept under surveillance.

Immediately a climate of suspicion fell on Anna's house. The mill referred to was Alexander's. The meetings referred to had been held in the mill since Ernest Hochmann, a friend of Alexander's, had come to their home. Hochmann was an itinerant preacher. He was also a Separatist who had broken with the three recognized churches: Lutheran, Reformed, and Roman Catholic. From the first meeting, Anna was impressed with Hochmann. He was forceful and dynamic, able to win followers among both the educated and the uneducated.

Anna's hospitality and her guest's preaching soon involved the whole family — her husband, herself, and her father. They became ardent Pietists, faithful church members who challenged the lack of piety in Protestant pastors and the worldly lives of parishioners. They protested forms of worship which did not issue forth in life. They reaffirmed the right of conscience, which was subject only to God and which no ruler was free to conscript.

Brethren have sometimes become prisoners of the reforms

which gave them birth. Holding to the primacy of the "good life," with its norm in the Sermon on the Mount, they have come perilously close, in periods of insecurity, to making works of piety the test of salvation. Their separation from the majority churches has brought temptations of nonco-operation, of exclusiveness. The individualism produced by the free conscience has become so extreme at times as to threaten the corporate group which, as an antidote, met the threat by harnessing members to regulations extraneous to the central witness of Christians.

But these dangers were not foreseen by the Pietists of Schriesheim. They continued to meet together and, in doing this, they caused trouble. Strangely enough, they grew in strength and numbers. As they grew, they pushed reforms which caused more trouble. With the rise of the Pietists, the cycle of the Reformation had gone full turn. Protestants in the established churches were caught in the position of resisting in others the very freedom under God which they had claimed for themselves in their own separation from the Roman Catholic Church. The separation and the reforms of the Pietists, however flagrant their idiosyncrasies, were expressions of Protestant principles.

Anna, in the front ranks of a Pietist group which moved with accelerated pace, was tossed by events charged with emotion. In less than two decades, from marriage to death, she knew the monumental heights and depths of zealous leaders. Like them she was personally committed to beliefs without promise of personal gain, facing the threat of sacrifice instead. She and her family were persecuted like rebels by the church. In the summer of 1708, her husband became the recognized leader of a newly organized church.

The crisis had been precipitated when Anna's father was accused publicly of holding meetings for Pietists. He refused to sign a petition denouncing his son-in-law, Alexander. He

also refused to discontinue Pietist meetings in his home. Consequently, he was ejected as elder from the Reformed church. The church left the way open for him to withdraw from "this vulgar sect, to cease giving shelter to Pietists and, at some future date, to rejoin one of the three churches tolerated in the empire." Herr Kling did not accept the offer.

Instead, he wrote to the church consistory asking for an opportunity to give an accounting for his Christian faith. He reaffirmed the position of the Pietists: they had not wanted to separate from the church in which they were born and raised. They had tried to penetrate deeper into the fellowship of the saints. They had not acted contrary to Holy Scripture or the Reformed Church or any Christian regulation. These affirmations were shared by most of the Pietists, including his daughter Anna.

They were expelled from the church. Persecution and suppression followed expulsion. Pietists were imprisoned, restricted to bread and water, expelled, locked to wheelbarrows, and kept on public works or fortifications or other common labor. They were separated from one another. When Alexander visited friends in prison, he was warned to leave and stay away. "There are not enough prisons to detain such as you," they said.

Meanwhile Anna's Reformed friends expressed their opinions. "The Pietists are not like the fiery Anabaptists," some said. "They are too pious to deserve punishment." Others denounced them, saying that Pietists were hypocritical, with a good appearance which was deceptive, therefore misleading and all the more dangerous. Many said that the entire fanatic pack "should be smothered in the first evil brood."

The pressure of public opinion prompted Alexander to sell his brother the half of the estate willed him by his father.

After making provision for rooms to be reserved for the Pietists' meetings, he moved his family to the province of Wittgenstein where religious freedom was promised.

Anna's forced move from her home village was an unexpected event, disruptive but not without compensation. Her new home was in a peaceful valley. Unblessed by natural resources, surrounded by hills, the area harbored an attitude and practice of religious freedom unusual for that era. The haven had been granted by the ruling count, who had known Hochmann. Four of the count's sisters had married commoners. The valley became a refuge for dissenters. Small huts sprang up in what became a cloister from the outside world. Anna and Alexander's home at Schwarzenau became the center of religious life in the valley of the Eder.

Here the Pietists fortified their beliefs. They nourished their spiritual vigor by prayer. They grew strong in the safety of the valley. They recouped their scattered forces. The persecution they had endured gave them new boldness to hold to God's will for their lives.

As they contemplated their new relationship to God and rejected their infant baptism, they recognized themselves to be in an unbaptized condition. Separated from the established churches, they had to make their own provision for baptism. Consciously, they began a new church by baptizing eight of their number in the Eder River on a morning in August 1708. They became known as the New Baptists and were nicknamed the Dippers.

Alexander was the recognized father of the new group. Anna was the mother of a church family destined to be scattered in an alien land. Her spiritual heirs kept the mother tongue in their names — Miller, Bowman, Glick, Meyer, Kulp, Yoder, Stauffer, and Wenger. For two centuries her church

family was called German Baptist. For more than two centuries they prayed, "Unser Vater in dem Himmel." They sang hymns tuned to the German ear.

Fear stalked the first baptism. Earlier in the summer, Hochmann wrote to the Schwarzenau group to warn them against baptism by trine immersion. This new type of baptism, he warned, though considered apostolic by the Pietists, differed from the forms practiced by the church. It would cause more trouble. He urged the group to "count the cost."

Though the warning did not deter them, it proved sound. Within twelve years after the baptism, the Mack family was in dire straits. The home in Schwarzenau had been sold. Alexander and Anna, with their children, had become exiles from Germany. Anna and her daughters had died. Alexander and his three sons were emigrants to a continent half the world away.

Against this background, Brethren do not redramatize the religious forms and practices of their forefathers in a casual mood. A mood of sobriety and seriousness attends Brethren baptismal services because, historically for the Brethren, baptism marks an important, personal choice, a decision with unforeseen, almost foreboding, implications, the consequences of which they are willing to accept.

When Hochmann heard of the baptism, he promptly moderated his radical Pietist ideas and cooled his enthusiasm for the Schwarzenau group. His abandonment and the civil surveillance and the criticism of the general populace pressed on the group. "As long as the money lasts, Mack's disciples will be united," said some. "When the money is gone, his edifice will fall." One man wrote, "New sectarianism produces new zeal but soon the fiery ardor will burn down." Others observed that "Anabaptists are not any better for having been baptized as adults. Rather, some infants surpass them in good lives."

But the group held fast, even expanded. Some moved to Marienborn, where religious freedom was granted in 1712 as an inducement to artisans to settle in the territory to rebuild it from the ravages of war. Mack went to the province to preach. So long as meetings were private, no trouble ensued. But baptisms, held in a flowing stream, were public. On three occasions Alexander was expelled. In a beautifully written letter which has been preserved he wrote to the count defending his faith and begging consideration for a widow whom he had baptized.

Passports were issued to the Marienborn Brethren who migrated to Krefeld in 1715. In 1719 a party of them emigrated to Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, as more families in Schwarzenau fell on hard times, they moved to The Netherlands. Later they, too, emigrated to the New World. Anna died in The Netherlands. Alexander sold his share of the inheritance from Anna's father in 1727. Two years later, when he came to Pennsylvania with his three sons, almost the entire group was transplanted in America.

Anna's spiritual children had been deeply hurt by pressure from the state and the established churches in Europe. Their sensitivity continued in the New World, with insults often felt where none were meant and injuries anticipated where none would be given. Because of scars, they warded off any reproaches which would open old wounds. In America, they tried to avoid even the smallest rebuffs, anything which would bring punishment. They sought a way of life which would prevent any reason for people to inquire into their personal lives. When accused, they did not indulge in recriminations. They wanted to be free of all suspicion. They tried to live "above the law," virtuous beyond all human demand, blameless in the sight of man and of God.

Anna's spiritual heirs conceived of the world in terms of dualism — black and white. The pure, pious, otherworldly

family of God stood in contrast to the dark, compromising world both civil and religious. The Brethren stood apart from creedal religions. In their own sectarian regulations, they were rigid conformists. In all others, they were determined nonconformists.

They tried to be a safe, good people. The reasons cannot be understood apart from their background as the spiritual children of Alexander and Anna Mack and the eighteenth-century Pietists in Germany.



Maria Christina Sauer

Survivor of the Cloister

The young man spoke calmly and persistently over the stone wall. "Come home with me, Mother," he begged. "Please come home with me."

The woman waited inside the wall. She was a part of a colony housed in a cluster of buildings, shut off from the outside world. Her son scarcely recognized her. She looked like a shroud. Her skin was like parchment. The transparency of her face under the white hood was without any sign of life. A cape dress made of white homespun was gathered full at the waist. Draped to the ground, it covered all but her hands.

She bore a look of submission, like a slave under a yoke. She had three hours of sleep in twenty-four and one meal a day. Heavy manual work alternated with meticulous craftsmanship in weaving, hand lettering, and sewing. The design of an exacting master was in her posture, in the lines of her face and hands.

The young man had not seen her since he was nine years old. He remembered the day when he and his father said good-bye to her as she was leaving the farm to join the Ephrata Cloister a few miles to the north. But the nun allowed herself no sentimentality about her life prior to the day she took her vow of obedience to Conrad Beissel. She cut herself off from her former self as if Maria Sauer, wife of

Christopher Sauer and mother of Christopher, Jr., were dead.

"Sister Marcella," whispered a nun who approached stealthily along the cemetery wall, over which the two were talking, "it is time for the prayers and the singing."

All three waited in silence for a moment. Then the two nuns turned their backs on the young man and, without a word, walked across the meadow. Christopher watched them enter the dark, wood-shingled building. It sprawled like the great houses in Germany about which his father had told him. The pinched windows along three stories had a foreign look, as if they did not belong in America where everything was free and open.

The youth mounted his horse and for three days rode east along the paths of inland Pennsylvania that took him toward the colony's capital. He had time to ponder his father's words: "I do not believe that there was ever a pope who so reduced everything to submission — body, soul, life, and spirit — as does Conrad Beissel." Like his father, he, too, had failed to break the grip of Beissel's control upon Maria Sauer.

He pondered also how best to approach his father with his unsuccessful report. It was not easy for his father to accept the fact that he, Christopher Sauer, famous master in thirty trades in the flourishing German settlement outside Philadelphia, should find his wife living under a roof other than the one which sheltered himself and his son.

As he rode into Germantown Avenue, the six-acre plot across from Queen Lane displayed convincing evidences of his father's astounding industry and ingenuity. He had built a large stone house, sixty feet square. Attached to a wall that ran from the big, three-story house was a smaller stone house. At the back were the cabinet and clock shop and the printing office.

In spite of the discouraging news he carried, the sight of home lifted his spirits. He swung from his horse, pulled open

the Dutch door at the center of the big house, and called out his father's name. A forty-year-old man in a printer's apron met him in the hallway.

"Es ist mir leid, mein Vater," said the young man quickly. "She is not with me. But I'll try, over and over again. Someday, if God wills it so, she will be with me."

But Sister Marcella did not renounce her vow to Beissel the next year or the year after that. She did not return to her husband and her son until 1744, fourteen years after she entered the Cloister. What she saw upon her return to her family surprised her.

When Christopher came to America in 1724, he was a tailor. Though he may have been graduated from a university in Germany, neither there nor in his first years in the New World did he settle down to any profession. But Maria saw that he had grown into a place of leadership among the German immigrants. He was a versatile man: printer, pharmacist, surgeon, botanist, clock- and watchmaker, joiner, bookbinder, newspaper editor. In addition, he made his own printing tools, drew his own lead and wire, and ran a paper mill.

By the time Maria came to Germantown, her husband was a self-sustaining printer who hammered out his own type on an anvil, printed small sections of books at one time, and stored them until the entire book was ready for binding. His press became the center for publications in the German language in colonial America. Within twenty years, over three hundred works came from his press, including the Sauer Bible and the first German almanac.

To Maria, marriage to a successful man of affairs was incongruous with her younger years in Schwarzenau, where she was the widow of Pastor Gross, a Reformed minister who held Pietist views, when she met Christopher. After they were married, they lived in Mack's home in Schwarzenau, which

Christopher purchased when the Mack family migrated to The Netherlands.

Like other Pietists, Maria and Christopher were attracted by promises of liberty in Pennsylvania. Their son was seven years old when they joined a party of German emigrants sailing to Philadelphia. The spoiled food, the stale water, disease, and death on the sea voyage that lasted seventy days taxed Maria's endurance. Arrived in the New World, they moved inland to the Conestoga Valley and settled on a fifty-acre farm in Lancaster County.

Soon afterward, Maria was attracted by the spiritual community at Ephrata. She joined the Cloister in 1730. Here she participated in the first but not the last attempt of the Brethren to withdraw, in one way or another, from the evils of the world. Attempts to build ideal communities spring from the need for self-identification with a superior type of humanity. To be unspotted from the world demands withdrawal from inferior persons and conditions shot through with evil.

But these exorbitant demands for virtue carry hidden vices of their own. Retreat and isolation, pride in self-attainment of superhuman graces, and submission to man-made purges to vouchsafe the mores of the group — these are a high price to pay for freedom to move about in the world which God has made, with compassion for all of God's children.

The Ephrata group sought perfection of the spirit by living "very meanly." They were common folk, mostly artisans. Celibacy was upheld as a special virtue. In the center of the colony was the residence of the patriarch, Beissel. Round about were houses for the married brothers and sisters. Maria took the name of Sister Marcella and became the sub-prioress of the sisterhood. All had overseers. None provoked such a high degree of spiritual renunciation and artistic production

as Beissel himself. He wished to erect a papacy "to beget children after the spirit."

Although the group worshiped all day on Saturday, giving them the name of Sabbatarians or Seventh Day Baptists, Beissel did not confine his discipline to Sabbath worship. He demanded worship at any hour of the day or night. He demanded mastery in many crafts to make the community self-sustaining. The woodwork, pottery, weaving, carpentry, printing, artwork, and music remain some of the finest examples of Pennsylvania German art.

Beissel's exaggerated acts of humility had their influence. Remnants of his ideas can be seen in the Yearly Meeting considerations a century later. "... we ought to avoid such light tunes as make us merry rather than serious," counseled the Meeting of 1844. "... our singing should always tend more to the glory of God, than to the tickling of the outward ear." Acts of submission were considered in the statement of 1843: "... we are to exhort our hearers to humility in prayer . . . to bow down on our knees." Concerning pride, the 1846 minutes protested strongly against "all manner of superfluity and vanity, such as building fine houses, and having paintings, carpetings, and costly furniture . . . together with the adorning of the body too much after the fashion of the world."

Sauer found Beissel to be "a god in the Cloister" and "if one attacks his spiritual pride, he shows the severity of Mars." When Beissel requested Sauer to print a large folio of hymns for the Cloister, Sauer rejected the order. He wrote back that the hymns which Beissel wrote were blasphemous because the words exalted Beissel's self-esteem. "I wish my work as a printer to redound to the glory of God and my neighbor's good," wrote Sauer. They were memorable words.

In Germantown, where Christopher was known as the Good Samaritan, Maria gave herself to the needs of the world she had once tried to escape. Her home became a refuge for

distressed German Protestants who immigrated to Pennsylvania under the promises of William Penn. From 1727 to 1775, forty thousand Germans came into the port of Philadelphia and took asylum in America under oath to the British crown.

Christopher alerted the public to the conditions of the immigrants and their ill-treatment. During 1758, over two thousand passengers died on fifteen ships that came into port. One ship docked with fifty survivors from a total of four hundred passengers. Sauer wrote to Governor Morris in 1755 to expose the evils of the immigration trade. "Beloved Sir," he wrote, "you are certainly a servant of the Lord our God and I do believe that you are willing to do what lies in your power."

The need for solace and assistance stabbed the conscience of the Germantown Pietists. They saw wretched Germans bind themselves and their families to a master to secure passage, agreeing to pay back the price in service upon their arrival. Many masters took advantage of the poor. They took more than the price agreed upon and exacted long periods of service. Sauer protested the evils of this human traffic and became known as the Redemptioner's Friend.

In his protest against wrongs and his helpfulness to the wronged, Christopher had a willing partner in Maria. Desolate, hungry, dispirited Germans found refreshment in Maria's home. The upper floor of their house had movable partitions to accommodate families in need of welcome and warmth in a strange land. Before they left the Germantown area to disperse into small inland settlements among the English-speaking majority, they joined their fellow Germans in songs and prayers. Most of them were artisans — weavers, tailors, farmers, coppersmiths, buttonmakers, joiners, shoemakers, sackmakers, painters, and bakers. Unlearned but vigorous, mostly commoners, the German

Pietists were obedient, orderly, and industrious in a land they came to call their own.

With the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the hard-pressed colonists demanded military personnel and goods from all citizens by threat and force. Once again the Brethren became a rebel, persecuted sect, suffering for their pacifism in America as they had suffered for their separatism in Germany. With the destruction of the Sauer press, they lost their medium of communication, hence their unity as a group. Under suspicion from their fellow colonists, they lost confidence and voice in public life. They became inarticulate. They developed a defensive posture. They moved inland and became inbred.

The Constitution, which protected their freedom to worship and their separation from the state, could not assure their favor with the general populace. They did not regain this favor until, a century later, they began to participate in education and public life. Up to the present time, their radical refusal to defend the nation by force of arms has seldom been understood in its true context. But two world wars and the terrorizing threat of unlimited atomic warfare have caused modern Christians, by necessity, to re-examine the denomination's uncompromised position that "all war is contrary to the will of God."

This minority position, while impotent if it remains only a statement of principle, has kept a vital idea energized year by year with sufficient potency to stimulate members of the church to seek ways to resolve situations smoldering with sparks of destructive conflict. Maria's search for a peacefully productive society was akin to the Christian's bold and unsundered hope for "peace on earth, goodwill to men."



Sarah Major

First Woman Preacher

A century before the Suffragette Movement in America, a talented young woman felt it necessary to write in self-defense simply because she was talented and because she was a woman.

"I shall ever acknowledge the head of the woman to be the man," she wrote, "and the head of every man is Christ."

Sarah Major's reaffirmation of the position of the Christian church since time immemorial, as the Yearly Meeting stated it, made clear her position. If she was a woman of talent, she would remain devout. If her ability pushed her into public life beyond the limits set for modest women of her day, she would remain shy and retiring. Whenever she moved in the public eye, she would follow the leadership of her husband. She was a woman of refinement in both private and public life.

She interpreted the Bible literally when it said that women were to keep silence in the churches. She respected the authority of the church in which the pulpit ministry of women was unacceptable. But as a devoted Christian she claimed the freedom to witness for Christ with the power He had given her.

"God always gave His gifts freely to people who were willing to use them," she said, "and I believe that in Christ Jesus male and female are one, just as Jew and Gentile are one."

None of her contemporaries doubted that God had given

Sarah Richter natural abilities beyond those of most women. Though her education was common, her perception was uncommon. She was subservient to her parents but she sensed that her final obedience was to God. She had the unobtrusive manner and the sound judgment expected of a minister's wife; but when she spoke, her words took wings. She kept her house carefully, but this did not take her from prayer and study. A church which did not grant extended liberties to women never did know quite what to do with her.

The problem of how her talents could be expressed within the limited social context prescribed for her sex came to the attention of the 1834 Annual Conference. "Concerning a sister's preaching," came back the answer to a query on the subject, "not approved of. Considered such sister being in danger, not only of exposing her own state of grace to temptation, but also causing temptations, discord, and dispute among other members."

Several elders were appointed to silence her. However, after hearing her preach, one of them said, "I could not give my voice to silence someone who can outpreach me." Yet she was never licensed to preach or even authorized to do so by any congregation. She was simply tolerated. In certain congregations, permission was granted her to preach, accompanied by her husband.

Edward Frantz wrote in a letter in his later years about an incident which he observed as a young man when Sarah Major came to an Ohio church to preach in 1880. "The younger set was unanimous in hoping she would preach," he wrote, "but some uneasiness was apparent in the gathering of the congregation. A council of the members present was called at the west end of the church under the maple trees.

"In an interchange of opinion, one brother referred with emphasis to Paul's words, 'It is a shame for a woman to speak in the church.' It was decided that Brother Major preach

and she take her place behind the table with the ministers, to lead the opening prayer. I recall," he continued, "the eloquence and fervor of her prayer. I recall nothing of the sermon, probably because I was too busy nursing my disappointment to give it proper attention."

When going to a congregation to preach, Sarah Major used noticeable delicacy in order not to offend. She remained seated in the congregation while the elders and her husband went up to the stand. After arrangements and talk among themselves, Brother Major invited her up. She took her seat at his right side. After the period of worship, she was invited to preach. She arose and stepped forward.

She was plain and neat in her dress. She wore a very plain bonnet, which she laid aside, and a shawl thrown over her shoulders. Her hair was parted down the middle and combed down the back of the ears. Her face, framed in a white prayer veil tied in a bow at the left side, showed the marks of age, care, and hard work. Her mouth was firm, the deep-set eyes serious. She was a picture of meekness and humility. She announced the text, usually an old one, then proceeded to transform it so that "out of the common came forth the sublime." Her sermons were masterpieces of workmanship.

If her minister-father, John Richter, transmitted to her his high regard for the spoken Word, and her minister-husband encouraged her, it was a woman preacher, Harriet Livermore, who first stirred her talents in preaching. In 1826, when she was eighteen years of age, Sarah went with her parents to hear the famous New England woman preacher whom Peter Keyser had invited to preach in the Philadelphia church.

Sarah's curiosity at hearing, for the first time, a woman behind the pulpit, changed to admiration, then to conviction. She was baptized that same year. Her decision to be a Christian did not quiet her. It distressed her. When her

father questioned her, she told him quite simply what was on her mind.

"I feel that I am called by God to preach," she said, "but I do not see how the way can be opened for me to follow God's call."

Her father was sympathetic. He did not dissuade her. Instead, he took her with him to talk with Peter Keyser. After conferring with her, Peter Keyser gave her an opportunity to preach in his church. Later Pastor Israel Poulson of Amwell, New Jersey, offered more preaching opportunities.

The people listened because she spoke with power that commanded attention. But congregations generally were never disarmed of their adverse opinion of her as a preacher because of the prevailing prejudice that women should not invade the public offices reserved for men. She met the rebuffs, the affronts, and the insults. She believed implicitly that God called her to preach and, in the simple faith of the pious, she followed God's will for her life.

Sarah Richter Major was born near Philadelphia in 1808 when the name of Alexander Mack, Jr., dead only five years, was still a household word in the German Baptist community. Prior to Sarah's birth and while she was a few weeks old, her mother believed that evil forces were working to wrest this promising baby girl away from her. She took it as an omen that they wished to have Sarah destroyed because of the power which she would exert against evil if she were allowed to grow to womanhood.

As Sarah grew up, she was gay and fashionable after the custom of the Brethren of that day until conversion and baptism. She was an attractive young woman, but when romance came she continued to give her primary attention to her spiritual life and her career in the church. As her special gifts became apparent, her friends discouraged her in accepting

offers of marriage. When she was in her early thirties, Thomas Major came to board and room in the Richter home. At about this time, the young boarder and Sarah's father were elected to the ministry.

Sarah had been preaching for fifteen years. Both men encouraged her to continue. She seemed to be the central figure in their ministry, the two seeming to exist for her. She and Thomas were married in 1842. In the same year, they moved to Highland County, Ohio, southeast of Dayton. There they raised three children. Thomas became a prosperous farmer; together they served the church. Her career, under her husband's encouragement, took on new brilliance. They were in demand in the churches of Ohio and Indiana.

On one occasion, the surrey in which Sarah and her husband were traveling broke down in a creek they were crossing. They were still five miles from their destination and the time for the service they were to conduct was not far off. Thomas got off, threw the harness in the rig, and put his wife on the horse to proceed to the Lexington church.

Because of the rebuffs she met in her own life, Sarah's sympathies moved out to the poor and the downtrodden. She knew what it meant to be downgraded, not by choice or fact, but by conditions of prejudice which she endured all her life. She took part in the movement to free the slaves and to rehabilitate the Negroes who came north. She supported the church for Negroes which was established in southern Ohio. She visited jails, infirmaries, and other institutions to help the unfortunates of the community. She was an ardent temperance worker.

The keen intensity of her own mind gave her an affinity for young people with extraordinary talents. She bent her powers to win them for the church. When she was in her twenties, she saw the possibilities in James Quinter, then sixteen, and gave him a copy of the New Testament. Under

her preaching, Abraham Cassel, who became the antiquarian of the church, was led to Christ.

In *History of the Church of the Brethren in Southern Ohio*, published in 1920, the restrained manner typical of the historian almost erupts in a word of enthusiasm for Sarah Major. But not quite. The tribute does not break through in warm appraisal because the writer was bound to the current assumption that women, if given the privileges of the pulpit, would behave unseemly in public for reasons of personal vanity.

"All she did in the pulpit," commented the editor, "was becoming and natural, devoid of any appearance of egotistical display."

Following this limp comment, which tells far more about current mores than about the presumptions of women, the editor recorded simply and accurately: "She has the distinction of being the first sister to exercise in the pulpit as speaker."

The distinction marks her as a woman of courage and foresight. To be the first to attempt anything new is noteworthy because people generally prefer the old ways for the obvious reason that the new will demand adjustment. In a letter dated April 1, 1835, Sarah Major put her case forward with clear logic.

"Respected Stranger and Brother:

"It would be very inconsistent in an apostle, who had [laid] his hands on men and women and prayed over them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, to quench the gift of the Spirit of God because it was given to a woman."

More than a century has passed. What was once a statement in self-defense has become accepted practice. So history is made. So "time makes ancient good uncouth."



Catherine Wolfe

Mother of Builders

As the mother bent over the trunk on the deck of the boat, she saw her son, tall and twenty, hoist himself from the shore to get a close look at his handiwork. He tilted his head to scrutinize the shed which the men of the family had built on deck. It was a piece of luxury built to please the womenfolk. He turned toward his mother and smiled.

"The boat's ready to push off any day," he called.

"It's a wonderful floating house," Catherine Wolfe answered proudly. "We'll have it ready to go in a couple of days."

The hardy hopes of a bone-and-blood pioneer livened her weathered flesh, tanned like leather from exposure to wilderness life. She arranged useful articles for housekeeping within ready reach. She stored family pieces of sentimental value for safe keeping. What she did not need or value she rejected. The trip would be long and final, one from which she would never return.

She did not pause to look again at her son, or at the boat, or at the western horizon into which they would go. She was a fifty-year-old woman who did not pause any more to dream. She had harbored many dreams since the family began its pioneering journeys thirteen years before. She and her husband had salvaged the best dreams. The best of them all was about to come true.

They were almost ready to lift anchor. They would sail out to meet their last dream. Down the waters of the Ohio River to western Kentucky the boat would carry them. Then they would travel overland to their new home. They would live out the rest of their lives in the Far West.

The pioneering journeys of the Wolfe family traced the dreams of a young nation still heady from victory in the Revolutionary War. Free to expand inland as far as the Mississippi, the nation opened the vast area for settlement. First came the explorers. Then whole families, with household goods, wagons, and implements, pushed up the Alleghenies and settled hodge-podge in the empty wilderness. Later they tracked out the flat prairies, forded the broad rivers, and formed new borders. The frontier lay beyond. Just beyond. Always just beyond. An open challenge to be overrun, re-formed, and overrun again, farther and farther in a quest for that indefinable "whatever lay beyond."

George Wolfe was a patriotic man. It seems, according to records recently found, that he had been a colonel in the Revolutionary War; however, because of his religious convictions he would not bear arms but served in the quartermaster corps. He held great hope in the rise of a free nation which offered land to families willing to stake out claims and settle down to make the land their own.

The Wolfe family joined the westward movement in 1787 when they moved by Conestoga wagon from Lancaster County to a settlement forty miles south of Pittsburgh. The trip had been tedious for the adults as well as the three children — Jacob, thirteen, George, seven, and the small daughter.

Now, thirteen years later, the children were no longer young; but neither were the parents. Nevertheless, as they prepared for their river trip on that April morning in 1800, the burden of a half-century of living was lifted by the energizing hopes of what lay ahead in the new century.

The family chose the river road to the West because it would be easier. They had heard gruesome tales of families who went to Kentucky through the Cumberland Gap, a mountain trail hacked from the wilderness by Daniel Boone and his followers before the turn of the century as they rode or hiked, single-file, across the mountains. Though the broad Ohio River lay calm and free, it did not furnish an easy bridge, either, between East and West, into the new land and the new century ahead.

It remained for the sons of the pioneers to be and to build the bridges. Young George would be that bridge when distance and differing doctrinal practices between East and West, the old and the new, called for new spans to be built.

But Catherine did not know this as she saw her young son man the poles that steered the boat. She, who had watched Washington steer the ship of state, did not know that her son and a young Illinois rail-splitter would grow to manhood side by side. Through the turbulent midcentury, one would command the ship of state, the other would lead the church. She did not know that as young George's muscles helped to build boats that brought eastern and western territories together, his conciliatory spirit would forge the Eastern and the Far Western Brethren together.

When the day came to lift anchor, the neighbors stood on the shore to wish Godspeed to the Wolfe family. These good-byes were not given lightly. As the people sang, "God be with you till we meet again," they were fully aware that this farewell would be their last on earth.

If a common religious faith sustained them in the hope of meeting in heaven, their parting was, nevertheless, uncommonly sad. George Wolfe, Sr., had been the religious leader of the community. He had been the first ordained Brethren elder to cross the Alleghenies. He had preached the Word, buried the dead, baptized the believing, prayed for

the lost, and lived as a man faithful to his rigorous religious doctrines among rough-and-tumble wilderness folk.

The loss of these faithful friends gave a sharp twinge of regret to Elder Wolfe. These were the people who had taught him to use English, the everyday language of the people, in the worship services of the congregation. Stranded together, away from the mother church, they learned together the meaning of Christian fellowship under all conditions. Living and learning together, minister and layman, side by side as close partners, had been one of the rich gifts of frontier life. The people had taught Elder Wolfe and his sons how to turn virgin soil and how to spy out nature's gifts in wild game, timber, herbs, and waterways. Without the knowledge they had given him, he and his family would have been ill-equipped for the journey ahead into unexplored country.

As the precious cargo moved from the sight of the company standing on shore, around the bend of the Monongahela River, the mother took inventory of her family's resources. They had food, clothing, shelter, love, and faith. Hidden in the trunk were old copies of Sauer's almanacs and newspapers and an edition of Mack's *Ground Searching Questions*. The family on board the boat that rose and fell with an easy roll had the balance and the blessing of a dual loyalty. Born and bred in the rich motherland of their Pietist faith, and reared on the expanding edge of the pioneer lands, they were well balanced for the future, like the boat which the family had constructed with ingenious care.

Though George and his sons had built many boats in the decade before "fire boats" plied the Ohio River, this one was the prize of the lot. Twelve feet or more wide, forty or fifty feet in length, it accommodated horses, cattle, chickens, household goods, and farming utensils, including a wagon. George had packed food provisions to last for months. His wife turned part of the boat into a home. She laid out

quarters for eating and sleeping, for storing dry clothing, for washing clothes, and for hanging them out to dry. A cookstove brought from Lancaster County was her most precious piece of equipment because it saved her from having to cook over an open fire.

The family loved the suspense of what lay around each curve of shoreline. No two days were alike. Each night they tied up at a different cove. The mother tended provisions for the table — corn pone and fresh meat from wild game killed on shore. The father tended the livestock. The boys manned the boat, steady in current, slow in falling waters, anchored at night.

By early summer the trip was over. If the Wolfe family had stopped near Cincinnati, they would have found Brethren in southern Ohio. If they had docked in Shelby County, they would have found Elder Christian Hostetter, whose boat, tied up on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, the Wolfes had built in western Pennsylvania. Instead, they pulled for a destination two hundred fifty miles from Cincinnati, in southwestern Kentucky. They settled in an area a day's travel from a group of Brethren from North Carolina.

Working as a team, the members of the family whipped the problems of wresting a living from the untamed land. One problem, however, was not very easily solved. Young George was at the marrying age. On the frontier the number of unmarried men far exceeded the number of single women. When George reached the age of twenty-three, there was only one woman of matrimonial age in the community; she was Ann Hunsaker. Her hand was sought by George and a young lawyer.

Mother Wolfe watched the courtship. The girl had Brethren ancestry, which fact added to the growing affection between her and George. When it became evident that her heart and hand would be given to George Wolfe, the lawyer

threatened to "thrash" the groom who made Ann his wife.

"Ann Hunsaker had freedom to choose and she chose me," young George told the guests on his wedding day. "But if a little spindly lawyer thinks he can whip a strong man like me, he is welcome to try it." If the challenge reached the ears of the disappointed suitor, he did not respond.

After the harvest season, George went to Illinois to scout out a place of his own. Remaining behind in the Wolfe home, Ann served side by side with her mother-in-law in what proved to be an apprenticeship for a future pioneer-preacher-farmer's wife. When her husband returned to take her to their homestead in Illinois, Ann took her place at his side, able to adjust to his work as women throughout the centuries have done and continue to do.

When the Wolfe family sailed down the Ohio River in 1800, the Brethren numbered about two thousand. They were a loosely organized group of people identified as a German ethnic group or sect composed of small cultural islands located mainly in the valleys of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia and along the Ohio River. By 1850 there were six hundred Brethren in the Northwest Territory. They were known as the Far Western Brethren.

The Annual Meeting of 1850 denied communion with "this body of Brethren in the Far West whose doctrine is somewhat different from ours." In 1856, a committee from Annual Meeting called on the group, who, the report ran, "received the committee on most friendly and Christ-like terms. The Far Western Brethren," the report continued, "recognize Bro. George Wolfe as their bishop." By 1860 the differences were resolved and the East and the West moved toward total brotherhood.

With expansion, new doctrinal practices and new forms were inevitable. The Annual Meeting served to preserve continuity between sections, to contact remote families,

to provide ministers to officiate at the forming of new congregations and to preside over love feasts. Everywhere the love feast, while practiced in varying forms, remained the high point of the church year.

All ate a simple meal together. All knelt down and washed each other's feet. In the communion service which followed, they confessed their dependency upon God, through whom they came to know their interdependency as brothers. There at the long white love feast tables, with the aroma of hot soup everywhere throughout the meetinghouse, with everyone singing the hymns of the faith in a singsong rhythm that leaned on human voices without aid of an instrument, with men and women, great and small, kneeling in service to each other out of obedience to a common Father, the Brethren gave expression to their faith. This faith, about which the Brethren speak very little because it moves them deeply, transcends all petty and personal differences.

Diversity in Brethren practice is a fact. Acceptance of plurality of practice never arrives full-bloom but comes as a living, growing, and developing attitude. Tolerance has come most often because of necessity. Always the move toward unity, with less attention to uniformity on inconsequential matters, has been a major stride. Families like the Wolfes, who spread from the east to the west coast in three generations, have helped the church make some of its biggest strides.



Anna Kline

Civil War Veteran

What kind of man became an effective Brethren leader in the mid-nineteenth century when the church pinpointed the wilderness as the nation sprawled westward? A man who had strong opinions which he held with fanatical zeal; a good horse to take him on his journeys; and a wife to tend his business while he was gone.

John Kline was such a man. Old Nell was the horse which took him over one hundred thousand miles. And Anna Kline was his wife, who stayed at home on their sizable farm near the Linville Creek Church of the Brethren in the Valley of Virginia.

In the prodigious diary which John Kline kept from 1835 to 1865, he made precise notes of his scheduled meetings with elders and church groups. He noted the homes where meetings were held, the families who furnished overnight lodging, the deceased whom he buried, and "the new born in spirit" whom he baptized. But Anna's name is mentioned fewer than a dozen times.

Perhaps he never questioned her loyalty because she never threatened to withdraw it. We know that she suffered in mind and body when she received word of John's near-fatal illness while on a trip to Pennsylvania and that he returned home to tend her with a physician's skill. Other than this brief interlude, she seems not to have interrupted his intensive life

as the man who welded the Brethren into a brotherhood of people who conceived themselves to be "unique, special and God's own."

The primary importance of Anna's role in Brethren history is the symbol she affords of a woman, like many others before and since, who did not impair her husband's participation in events which proved to be of great value to the church. She understood her husband as he was: a convinced Brethren, confirmed in his devotion to his own people. He loved to be with them. The romanticism with which he attached unrealistic idealization to the people with whom he was emotionally involved is apparent in his writings. "Our Brethren are true Brethren wherever we find them," he wrote with extravagant idealism. "There may be some hypocrites, God knows, but I know none of them."

John and Anna Kline were products of Rockingham County, Virginia, which had become a doctrinal fortress for the Brotherhood during the first half of the nineteenth century. Writers of this period who were the invincible defenders of the faith came largely from this area. Out of this background, John Kline had a sure word for the scattered Brethren in the restless days when everyone in the nation felt the tremors of civil strife.

In this restlessness, John Kline gave security to the Brethren by encouraging them to perpetuate their folkways, practices, and forms. These, he knew, were symbols which they held in common which would tie them together — North, South, East and West. He encouraged simple works of piety in times which bore ignorance and isolation. Because little was known about prevention of social ills, the Brethren engaged in acts of mercy and pity.

The helplessness of good women married to drunkards and poor providers was well known even among "the Lord's

people." Families were large. Widowers were often left with young children. Parents knew the misery of watching young children struck down with childhood diseases for which there was no known treatment. The rampage of epidemics like diphtheria and the consequent deaths of whole segments of families could not be stemmed.

In such an age, the Brethren met hardship and heartache with hard work. They accepted their role as a people called apart, not only to be separate but to be in conflict with society-at-large in matters of politics, fashions of the day, and the excesses of the Industrial Revolution. They lived in a world of clearly defined dualisms, in which the saints were spotless and the sinners were without hope apart from the salvation of God wrested from an all-righteous Judge by the prayers and intercessions of godly men.

Anna Kline heard her husband preach often on the perfection of the saints. If people had bad thoughts, he assumed that they would fight valiantly to keep them from coming to the surface. The Brethren creed was the deed. Morality was based on simple goodness, with emphasis on the sins of liquor, sex, and tobacco. Their moral codes were simple but obedience to them was nonetheless hard, especially outside the religious group which formed them and held them inviolate.

Anna did not expect to keep her husband at home. He considered his calling to be to the Brethren as a whole, to keep the Brethren fellowship intact. He followed Brethren wherever they moved with communications by letter or word of mouth. In a day when leaders of many ethnic groups began to call for assimilation in American democracy, John Kline and the Brethren leaders of that day defined the Brethren way of life in terms of German cultural patterns. They laid the common denominator which made a cohesive fellowship: cultural isolation through the use of the German language,

through rural life, through unique denominational practices, and through reprimands when regulations were disobeyed. Most members were unschooled, a circumstance which augmented a fear of whatever world lay outside the provincial border and bias of the group.

But John Kline knew no boundaries in his zeal to perform his semiannual pilgrimages to knit the Brethren fellowship. Wherever Brethren moved beyond the eastern seaboard, he moved to them to keep them included in the circle of the Brotherhood, which extended beyond the home churches they left behind. In the years of political division across the Mason-Dixon line, he made crisscross journeys over battlelines, holding strong the tie between Brethren which was strained by the war between brothers.

What was the pattern which made his travels and his missions successful? We wrote that his pattern remained the same wherever he went. He preached as he went. He never failed to hold family worship where he stayed all night. He followed the simple example of his Lord and "went about doing good." He traveled for no worldly gain but often returned home with less money in his pocket than when he started.

Every spring, Anna saw him leave for the Annual Meeting. Every fall, usually in October before winter weather would impede travel, she watched him prepare for the journey to the West as far as Illinois. As he rode down the lane, Anna knew that he was well mounted. Old Nell was not only a good horse as to gait but also as to endurance. A great coat, made of heavy, compact material, with long skirts reaching to the feet and a large cape attached, covering the shoulders and buttoning down over the breast, defied rain and snow. Attached to the saddle was a coat pad, a flat leather pad fastened just behind the seat and furnished with straps and buckles to hold an overcoat properly rolled up. Leather

saddlebags well stocked with changes of clean underwear completed the outfit.

When he returned, Anna heard reports of bad roads which were mere paths, of rivers without bridges, and of narrow escapes from harm. In his diary he recorded incidents such as this: "Having been unavoidably delayed by having my mare shod, darkness overtook me five miles away from here and nothing but a continuation of thick woods appeared in every direction. More than this, the wolves set up a howling in a very threatening manner. Had I been compelled to pass the night in the woods, I would have been in danger of being devoured by them." Then he drew a lesson for life: "And how surely would the wolves from Satan's den fall upon us and make a prey of our souls if Jesus, the Good Shepherd, did not guard and protect us through the spiritual darkness of this world."

Upon his return after five weeks, eight weeks, or thirteen weeks on the road, Anna helped him compile a summary. "I have been absent from home just two months to the day," he wrote, "and in this time I have traveled on horseback 1,317 miles. With much thankfulness to our Father in Heaven, do I recount my protection and preservation through the dangers and toils of traveling; the strength and support given me in preaching the Word; the great joy I have had in meeting so many dear brethren and sisters in the Lord. Amen."

The punctiliousness with which he made and met his engagements, at places unfrequented by mail or coach, shows his ability to make plans and execute them. He made appointments far ahead, made them on a tight schedule, and moved from one place to another without loss of time between. At the end of each calendar year from 1835 to 1865, he recorded the miles traveled: three thousand nine hundred twenty-nine; three thousand nine hundred thirty; four thousand seven hundred ninety-one.

At home during the winter, he and Anna visited the sick. He attended to domestic duties and preached in homes in the district. The Brethren had few houses of worship. They held meetings in the homes, many of which were constructed with this purpose in mind.

Anna knew the skill with which John dispensed medicinal herbs. When the season approached for "gathering roots and herbs" such as blackroot, elecampane root, comfrey root, gingerroot, and pleurisy root for consumption tea and other medicinal purposes, he wrote to the Brethren among the mountains of West Virginia that they could expect him to be with them soon. He did not believe in the harsh curative practices of that day which advocated bloodletting, blistering, drastic cathartics, and near starvation for the patient. "Every diseased condition of the body is the effect of some cause," he wrote. "This cause being removed, the disease must yield to the restorative forces of nature."

Neither John nor Anna, nor anyone else who lived during the midcentury, saw the depth of the problems into which the divided nation had been plunged. But John Kline saw clearly the need for Brethren to stake out their pacifist convictions if they were to hold steady during wartime. He wrote letters to the governor of Virginia and to Congressmen, first asking them to pour oil on troubled waters. When war came, he sought a program whereby the Brethren, who were historically opposed to armsbearing, could pay five hundred dollars for exemption.

Twice John was put in prison, questioned, and then released. He was a doctor to the sick and the wounded, many of whom, in the community, sought respite in Anna's home. He was a counselor to the nonconformist torn between the demands of citizenship and the voice of conscience. He was a prophet of a new day when men would lay down their

arms and settle their problems by facing the dire necessity of amicability between men and nations.

His death by martyrdom places him in the tradition of prophets who stir the minds of men muddled by indecision, compromise, and stress. He was buried near the farm from which Anna saw him leave on his errands of mercy to friend and foe alike.

In her faithful vigil, she, too, was both casualty and veteran.



Barbara Gish

Faithful Steward

"From December 14, 1882, to January 30, 1883, in about fifty eight successive days, I was at about sixty meetings, including council meetings, taking the weather as it came, day and night doing the largest part of the preaching, often alone, mostly in isolated places. Thus far I have received eight by baptism and sold and donated some thirty five Testaments."

The reader wonders why the editor of the *Brethren at Work* gave space to this undramatic paragraph. The listless title, "Part of My Winter's Work," accurate to the point of disinterest, did nothing to attract a reader to what was, at best, a mild statement by an unassuming writer.

What makes the report invaluable is the frequency with which reports of the same nature by the same author appear in Brethren periodicals. Christian saints are seldom found in events which are sensational by their very momentary brilliance. Saints must be ferreted out from near-obscurity. Saints have a singlemindedness which is unobtrusive. Their faithfulness of purpose to a single task which they find immeasurably important simply because it is God's will for them usually continues unannounced. That they are doing God's will is approval enough.

These frequent reports in the Brethren papers were written by James R. Gish. They indicate that he was an itinerant preacher. He was not a fiery revivalist like those of

his generation who rode along miles of frontier outposts to ride the fears of frontier people, spurring them to save their souls before it was too late.

The reports do not show what time has proved — that James Gish was adept at instructing people in the faith and that he was a straightforward, dignified preacher who interpreted the Bible with clarity and persuasion. The reports do not tell that he rode miles away from home to reach Brethren settlements. Nor do the reports include his wife, Barbara. Together they practiced diligence in work, accuracy in business details, perseverance in all circumstances, endurance in long hours, devotion to the Bible, and patience in the slow growth of the church.

James and Barbara Gish were typical midcentury Brethren missionaries. They were a team, man and wife, among many such teams who ministered to isolated groups beyond the eastern seaboard. Each year, a score or more of them devoted weeks, even months, to this kind of work. Usually the work was at their own expense. In this, James and Barbara Gish were not exceptions. They followed the pattern of the day and became ideal missionaries for the times, for the condition of the country, for the sporadic expansion of the Brethren.

They went with a "free gospel" wherever they were called. No group was too isolated for them to visit, none too poor for them to present the riches of Christ. No group was too rich for them to preach unashamedly of their crucified Lord. They were at home among the cultured, the cultivated, the outcast, the deprived. James spoke in a simple, clear way. He knew what he wanted to say. Barbara was a talented singer. She accompanied him on most of his travels to help with the hymn singing.

Their life story parallels the evangelization of the West. In the nineteenth century, the United States was the great mission field for all church groups. Not much was said at this

time about foreign fields. Coming as they did from Europe, Americans felt that their own country was foreign enough. They considered the immediate function of the church to be the preaching of the gospel in all sections of the new country where new counties were formed almost daily as homesteaders moved farther inland. To plant the church within these expansionist dimensions was a feat of immense and urgent proportions.

The privations of the midcentury "home" missionaries preluded the sacrifices of missionaries who went to foreign fields in the last part of the century. The same spirit of devotion is carried in the crucible of Christian vocation from generation to generation though new causes and new fields come into focus with new times and new events.

The Brethren differed from most other American denominations in their evangelization of the West. When a group of Brethren settled together, they called a minister to come and help them establish a church. For instance, Annual Meeting of 1856 received an appeal from "a number of members in Story County, Iowa, to send brethren to them for the purpose of organizing a church." This answer came back: "Left to those ordained elders who contemplate a journey to that new and growing state." In this same year, and for years before and after, additional requests and similar answers are recorded. Church elders took the answer of Annual Meeting seriously. The requests from groups lay close to their consciences. In addition to their church duties at home, many elders assumed self-appointed missionary responsibilities.

The system did not result in a large number of churches. It was self-operating, self-perpetuating, without a central organization. The gospel was not sown broadcast, but in Brethren areas. New congregations were planted sporadically, then forced to self-growth and self-nurture immediately. The system also rooted Western churches in the subsoil of Eastern

practices carried in the memory of pioneers. This is one reason why fellowship between Brethren remained strong from coast to coast.

Brethren transplanted from one place to another a recognizable pattern of the "church back home" or "the Brethren way of life" defined by separatist practices such as the garb, the German language, traditional hymns, exclusive forms, and taut regulations against such worldly things as life insurance, lightning rods, gold jewelry, wallpaper, tobacco, and alcoholic spirits. These and other prohibitions which were taken for granted proved to be even more confining because they formed a body of unwritten laws from a people whose piety insisted on "peculiar" differences with the world.

The lives of James and Barbara Gish spanned the midcentury and influenced wide areas as their efforts joined both the colonization and the evangelization of the times. Barbara was born Barbara Kendig of Roanoke, Virginia. She married James Gish of the same area when both were twenty. Her husband had the assets for a good livelihood and a happily married life in that day — physical prowess, a sense of adventure, and good character. He was raised on a farm without formal education but not without training by his Brethren parents in matters of a pure mind and clean habits.

"Your intended is clever with a knife and a piece of wood," a neighbor said to Barbara one day before her marriage. "Industrious, too. This noon, while he was waiting for his horses to eat, he carved himself a cane. Turned it out right before our eyes."

"What sort of cane?" she asked, eager to draw out the details which would put James in a good light.

"A cane with animals and birds on it. And snakes curlin' from one end of it to the other."

Barbara nodded knowingly. "He's talented," she agreed.

"Industrious, too, like I said before," repeated the farmer. "That's important to a wife, to have a husband who won't let no grass grow under his feet. Your young man's going places."

James started going places at the time they were married in 1848. He chose a faraway destination, and they did not stop until they had reached it. His parents had gone to Illinois the year before. He set out for it with his bride in a private conveyance, camping out along the way.

If Barbara was afraid, she relied on James' strength. She remembered how he chased foxes in the hills around Roanoke every winter. She had heard the men tell that when a dog struck the trail, James started on the run, cutting across ravines and mountain points to keep in touch with the pack, a whole day if necessary, to run a fox into its den. When their destination seemed endlessly far away, she remembered his persistence in ferreting out foxes and staying on the trail to the end.

After six weeks they reached Illinois. The black soil, heavy and sticky when moist, was different from the limestone she had known. All about her in Grand Prairie, where the town of Roanoke now stands, was wild prairie. Raw land sold for one dollar twenty-five cents an acre. Though much of her new life had a difference which made her uneasy, Barbara soon found that human nature was the same everywhere. She joined her husband and their prairie friends in fulfilling their desires for homes, adventure, and independence.

James and Barbara bought one hundred sixty acres of the best land, built an unplastered log shanty sixteen feet square, and dug into the land which they would always call home. J. H. Moore, later editor of Brethren publications, who grew up in the same community, wrote, "I well remember the day when my father's house was only one of four to be seen on this wild and desolate prairie. In those by-gone days of childhood, when I walked over the grassy plain to school or

dropped corn after the sod-plow, snakes, wolves, big sloughs and large prairie fires were about the leading features of the country. But when the Virginians began to thickly settle here, they soon changed this wild region into beautiful, fertile fields."

Although the parents of James and five other families who lived in the area were Brethren, no religious services were held until 1852, when the new couple and six others were baptized. These eight brought the total group to thirteen, a group large enough to form a congregation. Four months later, they became charter members of the Panther Creek congregation. They called James Gish, then twenty-six, to the ministry. This pattern of church extension and ministerial recruitment was used over and over again in the West.

James studied the Scriptures and the doctrines of the denomination earnestly. Under his preaching the little flock grew. Others were called to the ministry. He was ordained to the eldership, given charge of the congregation, then called to help other flocks without a shepherd. This story of the free ministry, a veritable free-traveling ministry in which self-supporting ministers manned Brethren congregations, was repeated with no little sacrifice and with no small success.

James and Barbara spent the whole winter or summer in a single, needy spot. Most of their labors were in the West — Illinois, Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, and, most of all, Arkansas, where they did pioneer work. They went to places a hundred miles from a railroad, preaching and distributing Bibles as they went. They paid their own expenses in the tradition of Paul, the tentmaker, and of William Carey, who, when asked, "What is your business?" replied, "My business is saving souls. I cobble shoes to pay expenses."

James and Barbara farmed to pay expenses. They earned, saved, and invested. Their investments included a plan to locate pastors in needy areas. They believed that a congregation needed a resident pastor if it was to grow.

Under their plan, they sold farms to ministers at cost and offered easy repayment terms.

Both were students of the Bible. To place New Testaments on the market at a nominal price, they gave a sum of money to the new Brethren Publishing House to print a pocket Testament with marginal readings and references. Known as the Gish Testament, it was the one to which he referred in his reports.

James died in 1896 after a life which so impressed the Brethren that the *Brethren Almanac* recorded his passing on April 30 for more than a decade after his death. He left an estate of \$60,000 to his wife. Surviving her husband by several years, "Aunt Barbara" wanted to put the money to good use. Without children of her own, she considered her children to be within "the beloved community."

Wishing her money to bless the household of faith, she set up a fund to help ministers purchase books at reduced prices. Because of Gish Fund books, thousands of Brethren ministers speak the Word more clearly when they meet their people, as James Gish met his, on "each Lord's day morning."



Mary Stover

First Missionary to India

Standing with her husband at the iron railing of the coach as it creaked and swayed past the train station, Mary waved good-bye with one hand and held her plain black bonnet with the other. The train gathered speed. Soon the little company and the letters "Mt. Carroll" on the sign at the station blurred into the autumn haze. The wind whipped Mary's long skirt around her ankles and the engine up in front blew cinders in her face.

Wilbur went inside to find their coach but Mary waited at the back coach, watching the landmarks, to store them in her memory for seven years. She loved the broad view. Her prairie home had scaled her vision to the wide reach of Illinois grassland and the tall stretch of uninterrupted sky. She watched intently, steadying herself as the train sped along, clicking out its promise of taking her where she purposed to go. Change and disruption had tossed her about before. She swayed but did not disembark.

While the train snaked its tedious path, with impatient whistles at every intersection and screeching stops whenever flagged, Mary held fast to it. This train afforded the last of a long chain of events which moved her and Wilbur to a destination they had sought for four years before the church, at last, had approved it. The church, like the train, followed well-laid tracks of the past, then stalled when arrested or until

new tracks were laid, then commissioned courageous members, like Wilbur and Mary Stover, to test the tracks and to go to new stations. The train chugged the rhythm of the farewell blessing, "God bless India and those we consecrate."

She warmed her hands, numb from the October air, at the pot-bellied stove and, moving through the aisles, came upon Wilbur sitting in the coach seat under an overhanging gas lamp, reading a book.

"I have been thinking, Wilbur," she said, "about all those who saw us leave. I believe that Father saw us too, don't you?"

Wilbur turned from his reading. Sensing the import of her question, he looked anxiously into her eyes, the eyes that had caused her much distress, the eyes which perhaps only he and her father had penetrated to discover the beauty they hid.

"I'm sure he did, Mary," he answered. Taking her hand, he eased her comfortably into the seat beside him.

Wilbur Stover always looked at her with the same understanding that her father had given her since her birth. Even after her mother's death when she was ten years old, Mary lived a carefree and secure life under her father's roof until she left for college at Mt. Morris. There she was a stranger. Afraid that people would look at her strangely, she retreated to the library to keep her eyes in a book; but even there she could not protect herself from curious eyes. An inquisitive young man invaded her solitude by peering at the title on a book about missions which she held in her hand.

"Are you interested in foreign missions, too?" he asked abruptly.

She looked up. A short young man leaned toward her intently. His tousled black hair covered his head like a cap sheaf over a shock of black brows and beard.

It was the first meeting of these two. From the first they

recognized their common compassion for people unreached, unloved, and misunderstood. They spent their first evening together hearing a missionary. Their passion for mission service grew as they studied, prayed, planned, and hoped. They discovered that their need to be missionaries was bound up inextricably with their need for each other.

Before they left Mt. Morris College, they were ready to offer themselves to go to India. But the church was not ready. Wilbur went out among Brethren congregations to present to remote, unimaginative groups the claims of Christ for people far away. He spoke with persuasion, sometimes with hurried directness that made him a nuisance to those who stood pat. Always he spoke with conviction that left a challenge with his listeners. Their reticence, even their resistance, sharpened the keen edge of his conviction.

As he and Mary planned, they found Mary's father, J. J. Emmert, one of their most enthusiastic supporters. He and other Brethren from northern Illinois had sheltered Christian Hope, who returned to Denmark to set up the first Brethren congregation on foreign soil since the total migration of the church to America between 1719 and 1733.

The marriage of Wilbur and Mary in June 1892, solemnized by J. G. Royer, was attended not only by a company of missionary-minded people but also by a certain air of expectancy that this couple would be the first foreign missionaries of the church. By fall, Mary's father wrote gravely in his diary, "Wilbur and Mary are still preparing to go. We grieve to part with them." A month later he died.

A year later — a few weeks before the train on which the Stovers were riding pulled out of the Mt. Carroll station — Mary looked through the dozens of yearly diaries kept by her father. She read back over the notes about farm prices and markets interspersed with poems and scriptures written in a well-furnished hand. "I think father dreaded to have me

get married and leave him," she wrote on the margin of the page where the diary ends with the finality of death.

Mary leaned her head back on the green train cushion.

"This way, he's not left behind—not really," she said. "He sees us, Wilbur, and follows our work wherever we go. Even to India."

"I believe it, too," answered Wilbur. "And I know how lonely he would have been without you. The trip to India is a hard one, especially for a woman. Yet I do not think I could have gone to India without you."

This reassurance brought an overflow of tears to Mary's eyes, already brimful with emotions of parting. She buried her face in her hands, wiped the tears, waited, prayed, and fell asleep with her head on Wilbur's shoulder.

After a week end at Philadelphia, where Wilbur had been pastor, they went on to New York, the last continental lap of their journey. There they embarked for England. Docking at Southampton, they delayed two weeks in London, and secured passage to Bombay.

When they arrived in Bombay they were without arrangements and without a location. Learning about an unoccupied place one hundred twenty-five miles north of Bombay which formed a district two hundred miles north to south and seventy-five miles east to west, they chose what proved to be highly favorable soil for planting a mission. It became a permanent location for the Brethren.

During the first bleak days on the field, Wilbur, Mary, and Bertha Ryan learned firsthand the grim realism which prompted some persons at the 1894 Annual Meeting at Meyersdale to speak frankly about the India enterprise. "These young people are inexperienced. What if they go and make a big expense and then get homesick and come back?" commented some. Others added, "What if they get sick?"

One person suggested that the Stovers might have an ocean voyage in mind as a wedding trip.

When they remembered these onslaughts, they covered their discouragements by recalling one good man who said, "These young people are enthusiastic, and may not be just as we would like to have them, but one thing is sure. They are willing to undertake a new and untried work, which I am not willing to do, so I say, 'God bless them.'"

With God's blessing upon them in what time has proved to be very special ways, they settled in Bulsar in March 1895. They met problems like veterans, problems which marched toward them in surprise attacks, problems of formidable proportions. To learn the language without benefit of teachers, to find wells, to visit the people, to understand the caste system, to tolerate the weather, to learn the ways of the people, to ride in bullock carts, to sleep anywhere, to eat strange food with less than exotic results, to watch wholesale plague, famine, disease, and filth, and to find in all of these things the means to speak about the Christian faith required the utmost energy and endurance. They found it difficult simply to make clear to the people why they were there. At last their elemental, often amateur efforts culminated in the first sign of victory. This event was so momentous in the life of the church that the April issues of the *Brethren Almanac* carried the news for years afterward. The statement evoked complex overtones, including prayers, cries, praises, and hopes in the single line, "First eleven baptisms at Bulsar in 1897."

Poverty in India was expected as a customary condition of life in an overpopulated land. But the country was not prepared for the famine which ravaged it for three years at the turn of the century. As the plight of the masses rose to sickening proportions, the missionaries at Bulsar found themselves surrounded by the sick and the dying. They gave refuge to orphans, many of whom in that strange way in which

God brings good from catastrophe became leaders of the church.

"The children received the new religion gladly," wrote Mary in a letter home, "and grew up with the advantage of belonging to the Christian community from childhood." Mary was known as Mama to the Indian children and as Aunt Mary to the children of missionaries who came as the mission expanded.

Not the least of her mothering activities included the care of her own brood of five. She took large segments of her day to care for her children in a variety of needs. As each child approached school age, she became his teacher, keeping several grades going simultaneously from grade one through eight. With high standards of education, she devised her own curriculum and arranged for cousins in the States whose ages compared to those of her own children to send copies of their textbooks currently in use in American schools.

When the Stover children returned to the States, the public school teachers were surprised to find them ready to take their places with their own age groups. The thorough foundation which Mary gave her children in precise, prolonged study of good books proved more than adequate for the advanced education all of them received in the service professions.

Like all missionary mothers, Mary was unprepared for the wrench to her heart when she had to separate the three oldest children, still young, from the family nest. She knew, as she left three behind and took two along for the six-year stint in India, that the distance could not be spanned in less than a month. She was blessed with only one recourse, the one which has always proved to be a blessing in disguise: she left her children in the love and care of God. She trusted friends to take care of them as she cared for children in India whose parents she never knew.

Back in India, the work moved forward. Hospitals and schools were opened. Institutions expanded and moved into many hands. Mary's work remained largely with the women. One day she spoke to them in her own way about the story of Jesus, His birth, His life, His death, His resurrection. The women listened to her intently; finally one of the older ones was bold enough to ask, "How long have you known this story?"

"Ever since I was a child," replied Mary. "My people have always known it."

"Then why were you so long coming to us to tell us about Jesus?"

The incident carries a classic structure — simple, symbolic, and complete in itself. It is a classic among the accumulated experiences of the church because it carries the simplicity of the Good News, joyously known and shared. So easily the gospel gets lost in superfluous forms and complex programs. The story relates the direct, eager communication between those who have heard and those who have not. As the story spread throughout caste and rank, into fields of education, medicine, health, labor, farming, art, industry, and politics, Mary lived to see the day when caste and untouchability were outlawed in a free and independent India.

On their furlough in 1920, Mary's health kept them in the States. She had suffered from arthritis from her youth. Her children cannot remember a time when she was free of pain. Though Wilbur and Mary planned to return, they never saw India again. In the States they started a second life after twenty-six years in India. They reunited their family at Mt. Morris, where three of the children were in college. Wilbur and Mary traveled, lectured, and wrote books and periodical articles. In 1927 they moved to Seattle, Washington, to become the pastors of the Brethren church. Wilbur died suddenly soon afterward.

Mary lived to the age of eighty-nine among her church family, her children, and her friends on the West Coast. She kept in touch with a worldwide circle of friends by voluminous correspondence. While her story took form for these pages, her life, like her biography, came to an end. But her life, unlike the breath in her body or the pages in her biography, is endless. The God she trusted and the good she gave to the world because of Him have an eternity outrunning time and place and space.



Elizabeth Miller

World Traveler

A typical plot of nineteenth-century fiction dealt with a country lad, at work in the city for the first time, whose loneliness was resolved by falling in love with the landlady's charming daughter, whom he promptly set about to woo and win.

Usually this Victorian-style plot was too good to be true. But sometimes it had its counterpart in reality, as it did in the story of D. L. and Elizabeth Miller. Their life was sheer romance. Their home, their travels, their church, their friends, and their ideas furnished intriguing subject matter which thousands read and enjoyed.

The story began one Sunday afternoon in 1866 when a homesick farm boy took a walk in a Philadelphia park to escape the noise of the city which interrupted his reverie about his rustic Maryland home. As he returned to his boarding house, still disheartened, the daughter of the landlady invited him into the parlor where a group of young people were gathered.

He had seen her before. A naive country fellow, he could not keep his eyes from the shimmering delights of the city girl's zest, her charm, and her easy friendliness. Yet never before did he presume to intrude on the home life of the family.

Three months after that Sunday afternoon, he went back to Maryland. At that time he promised himself that he would

return to the city and take the girl away with him as a bride. He visited her at Christmas, coming back again in the spring with her promise ringing in his ears. He matched it with the hope of making a home for her soon.

Because the West held the most promise of making their dreams come true, he struck out to invest his enterprising nature in whatever venture came along with the prospect of quick and honest returns. In Polo, Illinois, he borrowed money for a share in a business of groceries, butter, and eggs; six months later, he sold out for several hundred dollars more than he had invested. Promptly he set up a business for himself. Self-assured and economically reassured, he returned to the East for his bride and brought her back to their little home in the West. It is a straight success story.

Most stories end there. A perfect romance is complete in itself. Readers grow disinterested in characters who settle down to monotonous middle age. But these people did not freeze in a mold. They traveled, explored, adventured. A number of travel books carried their names. Brethren who seldom read books bought several editions of their works. Their names were given to babies as a token of esteem. By the turn of the century, the names of Elizabeth and D. L. Miller were often on the lips of the Brethren.

None of this was foreseen by them. When D. L. retired from business at the end of thirteen years, he had time to ferret out the basic doctrines of the church which had been hushed to mere whispers during the "Brethren Century of Silence." He did not know that his revived interest in education, detoured by his years in business, would have worldwide repercussions.

He and Elizabeth heard that some school buildings at Mt. Morris could be purchased for a modest sum. He reasoned that Juniata College, begun in 1876 at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, had led the way for other Brethren schools in

the East, but none had been started in the West. He thought that a school at Mt. Morris might lead the way.

But Elizabeth was not ready to leave her home. For a long time she persisted in saying to D. L., "We cannot go to Mt. Morris." Then she remembered that when she left Philadelphia she pledged that distance and change would never deter her from helping her husband realize his desires. She started to pack.

When they moved to Mt. Morris, they had no home, but roomed in an apartment in Old Sandstone, the central building on the campus. By the time school began, the building housed sixty students recruited from Brethren homes all over the Midwest. They called the dormitory their home and the Millers their parents. By the second year, Elizabeth was mothering two hundred students.

After these first years at Mt. Morris College, which continued to flourish, they established themselves in a large home as a base for new ventures they were about to undertake. They furnished the house with substantial furniture which Elizabeth never replaced throughout the rest of their married life. Her decorative style was restrained, with high lights of color and touches of luxury. The gardens, lawn, and barn were kept immaculate. Always there were pets — birds, dogs, cats. The home, named Saint's Rest, was so pleasant that D. L. referred in his writings to the joy of returning to it as a symbol of that great homecoming of the saints in the heavenly home.

On six occasions, from 1883 to 1904, Saint's Rest welcomed home its most illustrious personalities, its own host and hostess. Elizabeth did not know that when she left the East as a bride she began journeys that crisscrossed all America, bridged oceans and seas, traced most of Europe, the Holy Land, and the Far East, and girdled the globe.

On their first trip abroad, they wrote their observations

for Brethren church periodicals. They wrote with a directness which was convincing because it had a sharp edge undulled by the sophisticated language of cultivated writers. They had curiosity and daring, and a wonder about God's majestic universe and His love for all kinds of people. They visited the first Brethren missionary enterprise in Denmark, studied in Halle, Germany, visited Palestine, retraced the steps of St. Paul, and saw the landmarks of the early church in the Mediterranean world.

When they returned to America, D. L. was made editor of the *Gospel Messenger*, which, though not then owned by the church, was the first paper to be read by Brethren generally as the central voice of the church. Elected secretary-treasurer at the first meeting of the Missions Committee in 1884, he recorded calls for help from Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, and requests for preachers for Texas. His report that there were insufficient funds to answer these calls was verified by the treasurer's report: total funds to date—seven dollars and ninety-four cents.

As the Brethren stretched themselves to look at the world from a larger vantage point, they needed to discern their own role. They needed to establish their identity as a people. D. L. and Elizabeth spurred this process by inspecting the Protestant heritage on its home soil and by going directly to Schwarzenau. D. L.'s influential article, "Our Reasons for Receiving the Bible as the Word of God, Our Only Rule of Faith and Practice," gave new insight into church doctrine. It led to the change of name from German Baptist to Church of the Brethren in 1908.

They made six trips overseas, two of them around the world, another to Africa on a scouting tour for missions; on the last trip, they stayed in India for nearly two years, contemplating retirement there because of the favorable climate. The investment of their money in travel and their

time in writing brought to the church dividends beyond calculation.

In their extensive writings, the simple piety of the Brethren of that era shines with unclouded clarity. Though provoked by disillusionment, tested by strange and foreign ways, and frustrated by the prevalence of evil from which they were defenseless, they did not relinquish their spirit of gentle persuasion. In all their voyages, though the seas were churned and troubled, they themselves were not. The reader of today ponders these attitudes with a mood of wistfulness, so coveted are they in our confessedly confused modern world.

Their concern to rescue people suffering from human indignities and inhuman plights had a moral base. They did not weigh values in the light of expediency or pragmatism. The moral admonitions in Elizabeth's book come through to the reader with a directness which did not, and does not yet, bar refutation. But neither do they provoke rebuttal or elicit doubt. She expressed her purposes and her premises with a singlemindedness which renders them unmistakably clear and convincing.

In her book, *Letters to the Young From the Old World*, she wrote that while in a storm at sea, some of their shipmates on the *Aller*, a steamer which for all its modern power was equipped with sails, drowned their sadness in the wine cup or at the card table. Others went to the Lord in prayer.

"Which of these do you consider to be the better way?" she asked her young readers. Without argument, with no apparent need to marshal facts or evidence, she assumed confidently that her readers would give the right answer and live by it. Later, while on a fishing boat in Norway, she drew an illustration of the traps set for catching fish. Her sympathies aroused, she wrote that this reminded her of the devil, who sets traps for innocent children. To these lures of Satan she gave a sure remedy: "Just say, 'I won't do it!'"

Her words frolicked when she met people of all lands and conditions who were sunny and joyful. Once, in a treacherous crossing of the English Channel, she heard a soothing sound above the crash of waves. A sailor, while performing his duties in some distant part of the steamer, whistled a tune which gave her delight and lifted her spirits. Again she wrote of speaking to the captain at the end of a sea voyage, thanking him for the pleasure he had given them. "You see, boys and girls," she wrote, "everyone likes to be appreciated, even the captain of a steamship whose weatherbeaten face was all smiles when we thanked him."

The climax of her book was a narrative account of their trip to the Bible Lands. They covered over two hundred miles on horseback from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, to Jericho and the Dead Sea, to the Sea of Galilee and Damascus. There were eighteen in the party, with twenty men in addition acting as guides, cooks, dragomen, guards, and servants. Forty-five mules and horses carried the baggage. Camp was made each night in the open countryside with nine sleeping tents, a dining tent, and one for cooking. Her account of their adventures in a land that was strange, yet always familiar because they traced the steps of her Master, is faithful to the details which a woman, with wide and eager eyes unspoiled by sophistication, saw in a beloved land.

She looked for natural charm wherever she went and when she saw it she expressed open delight. When thrust, not by choice, into evil or ugliness, she reacted without alarm but with predictable distaste. To her the good life, the clean, upright, moral life, was unimpeachable. She wondered, quite simply, why more people did not embrace it. To her the good life was the true life because it was based on moral affirmations which were absolute. She believed implicitly that where good and evil were mixed the good would win out because good

people were put in the world by God to speed His inevitable triumph.

Her writings, after half a century, are not dry or stale. They are fresh because Elizabeth Miller wrote from a well-defined set of values. Her point of view is all the more fresh today because it is new to modern Christians, tossed and turned piecemeal and fragmented in a melting pot of contemporary culture. If Christians today still recognize themselves to be the salt of the earth, they need also to recognize that their savor, unless it is pungent, has little effect on a tasteless age in which good and evil have been offered in a ready-mix blend, prepackaged and bland.

To this blend, Elizabeth Miller brings the strengthening savor of Christian womanhood, an identity which she bore with honesty and pride.



Anna Crumpacker

Pioneer Missionary to China

As the *Minnesota* steamed out of Seattle into the Pacific, a group of young Americans gathered on deck, their faces radiant with joy. Only those who fashion fantastic hopes for the Kingdom of God will understand the rapture of Emma Horning, Anna and Frank Crumpacker, and the George Hiltons, with their small son beside them, that summer morning when they set out for China as pioneer Brethren missionaries. Their joy was not like ocean mist, quickly blown away. Its substance had sterner reality, its depths like the seas they crossed, its breadth like the high tide on which they sailed.

There have always been times of high tide and of ebb tide in church history. Anna Crumpacker sailed to China on full tide, a century of energetic missionary activity having given rise to six thousand mission centers by the mid-twentieth century. Before her lifetime work was over, the strong undertow of two world wars and numerous political revolutions would destroy whole areas, exposing at ebb tide the debris of old cultures, including those of the Western world where Christianity had been strong for centuries.

If Anna had known that ebb tide would follow the full tide of her high adventure forty years later, would she have sailed to China? Even she would not presume to answer. As Christians we can only give thanks to God that the work of

women like Anna, repeated thousands of times in mission centers all over the world, swelled into what Kenneth Latourette, church historian, has called "the Great Century," when the church reached to the shores of every nation on the globe except two. Christian fellowship and faith in Christ as Lord of the world have held steady. Persons of enemy nations have refused to allow the extinction of Christian fellowship. Mission centers in frontier posts have become virile young churches. We are still in a time of ebb tide; but the Christian church has known times of low tide before.

On the surface, the foolhardiness of the missionary party leaving Seattle on August 30, 1908, seemed absurd. Their passage, lasting two weeks without sight of land, was an ordeal to all of them — Midwesterners, novices at sea voyaging. Docking in Shanghai, they looked like no one else in the Chinese port. Their light-colored hair and pale eyes brought stares of dubious greeting without a single known friend to welcome them.

Back of the voyage lay not only dreams but hard work. By intense personal energy Frank and Anna Crumpacker had sparked the sputtering denominational engine into action. Two years before this, the church had been ready enough to appoint them to a foreign field. Tucked into an obscure corner of the recorded business of Annual Meeting of 1906 is a small item: "Missionaries approved for foreign fields — F. H. Crumpacker, A. N. Crumpacker." But no action followed. For a while Frank and Anna waited. Then they began to act on their own. They wanted the Brethren to penetrate China as they had penetrated India fourteen years before. They spoke candidly and convincingly about their personal call to China.

If these unheralded movements within the church, slow to germinate, slower to come to fruition, brought moments of despair to Frank and Anna, or if they perceived in these delays a forewarning of blighted harvest after a lifetime of sowing

the seed of the gospel in China, we do not hear of it. Wearied they may have been, and saddened by the political upheavals which ploughed Christianity underground in China. Yet they stood resolute, in the noble company of men like William Carey, the first Western foreign missionary, who, more than a century before, had staked out claims for Christ in India and worked ten years to win his first convert. Like him, Anna was a pioneer for Christ in the Orient.

Her pioneering spirit and her persevering nature were gifts from her Kansas home. She learned to weather extreme seasons, the perennial plight of those who live on the capricious prairies. She accepted the fact of unpredictable harvests. On those vast expanses, swept by fitful winds with momentum gathered across the broad stretches of land, she learned how to walk steadily no matter which way the wind blew. She learned courage for hard times and hope through scorching spells.

Against the uninterrupted horizon, she developed a reach beyond her grasp. All pioneers have done battle with this spirit. They want gains. They crave expansion. They hope for more than they will ever have. If her prairie home gave Anna a rimless horizon it also gave her a realistic perspective. She saw that she too was a dot against a vast expanse. As a seasoned missionary she scaled herself as she was — a foreigner, a woman with few skills and little equipment to reach a continent whose interior sprawled beyond her reach, huge, unpredictable, frightening.

The monotony of the Kansas landscape forced her to turn to books for mystery and adventure. To gain long periods of time in which to read, free from household chores, she offered to care for her younger brother. Hiding a book under her apron, she took him behind the barn and coaxed him to "preach about the Spaniards," for it was the time of the Spanish-American War. She read while he preached. When his interest

flagged, she urged him to try again, keeping him occupied for three hours at a stretch while she enjoyed the pages of her favorite books. One was filled with episodes of Adoniram Judson and his wife, missionaries to Burma. The other was *Miracles of Missions*. Both books had been loaned to her by D. L. Forney, an evangelist who greatly influenced her spiritual development.

Reaching college age, she went to McPherson College, leaving behind her the work of raising corn and pigs on the Newland farm. Her parents sacrificed to keep her in college, where she studied, graduated, and blossomed into womanhood. Her dream of missionary life came to full flower when she met Frank Crumpacker, a forceful student from Missouri. In Sharp Hall, where the volunteer missionary bands met, he as their leader stepped off a fast pace. He dispatched enthusiastic deputation teams to talk about missions in surrounding churches. Meanwhile, he and Anna selected a field of their own: China.

Having arrived in China at last, Anna recalled those finely spun dreams and recoiled at the scenes before her eyes. To get to Tai Yuan Fu, the capital of Shansi province, where they would begin their work, they went by way of the Yangtze River in a small boat threatened by muddy currents. Wearily they changed to trains for overland travel, then rode in the freight cars because of their baggage. At Tai Yuan Fu they unpacked, hired teachers, and studied the language for two years. The elemental studies seemed like mockery to Anna's scholarly mind, with two college degrees already achieved and with aspirations for others in the future. Meanwhile the men penetrated the province to ferret out a favorable mission location. Catching the curiosity of the villagers but trying not to arouse their suspicions, they bought a compound at Ping Ting Chou from a man who lived in another province. They repacked and started for Ping Ting to set up housekeeping in

a barren temple furnished with toppled idols and inhabited by bugs. By sheer determination and a flare of ingenuity, Anna fashioned here a home for her husband and her small son.

Anna never forgot her introduction to her permanent Chinese home. As Frank opened the wooden gate, he explained the design of a Chinese house. The doors of the gate swung in so that the devil would be tricked out of a quick exit if he sneaked in or else he would bump his head on a brick screen placed directly in front of the gate. Frank showed her the rooms of honor which faced the court, their windows toward the south giving off a soft light through lattice covered with thin paper. Ranging around the court were the rooms less favored — those facing west and east, and, last of all, the ones reserved for the kitchen, facing north. The brick walls, capped with tile roofs which sloped downward then turned upward near the eaves in exotic Oriental curves, formed four sides of the compound, which backed up against narrow streets.

It was home. Other houses would be built for hospitals and schools, some in American style, some in Chinese. Some were inside the city and some outside. But the first Brethren mission in China had a home. Anna and her family were there to stay. The missionary movement had a structure unlike enterprises for adventure, wealth, or political conquest, in which scouts were sent into foreign countries to exploit the resources available and then move on. Missionaries came in family groups, settled among the people, and established permanent centers for the benefit of their adopted country.

Anna's son, Frantz, born before they arrived at Ping Ting, was the talk of the Chinese women. To bathe the baby every day was a novelty which explained to them clearly why the baby was so white. They frowned at Anna's feet, which to them seemed uncouth, for their feet had been bound and were small. They misunderstood her way of working in close

partnership with her husband. Gradually, however, the Chinese respected the new ways. They asked questions. The interchange of cultures began, along with the opportunity to give reasons for coming to China.

Later on, when Frank went into villages round about, Anna went along. While Frank worked with the men, she worked with the women. Not wanting to leave Baby Haven at home alone — because Frantz, now fourteen, was away at school — she hired a man with a pole and two baskets to furnish an ingenious mode of transportation for the little girl. In one basket she set the baby and in the other the baby's paraphernalia. Then she hung the pole on the man's shoulders until it balanced and Haven could have a smooth ride.

On the field she continued her children's education and at the same time helped in the school for Chinese boys, girls, and women. She was nurse, counselor, and teacher, always available. Always there was the pull of wanting to be a good wife and mother while wishing for more time and freedom to be a full-time mission worker, going to conferences and planning great things for the mission centers. And always there was the loneliness — like that experienced at the time she sent Frank with her blessing when the call came to the men to combat an epidemic of plague in another province. Many wives would not let their husbands go; but Anna could not refuse, though knowing that he might never return. He and five others were cited for courage by Secretary of State Cordell Hull; but the suffering and the anxiety endured by the women went unacknowledged.

Anna read and studied the Bible thoroughly when there was not time for other reading. More and more, in times when she was left alone, which she both hated and feared in a way typical of women, she used her fine, educated mind for the interpretation of the Bible. Though painstaking in her interpretation, still, like her fellow workers, she was devoted

to its spirit and never insisted on forms contrary to Chinese custom.

In caring for the Chinese, whether young or old, she asserted a philosophy which she practiced consistently. She believed that people should earn what they received in order to keep their self-respect. She taught needlework and other skills to the women. A lover of beauty, she saved scraps of brilliantly colored cloth, bits of thread, and trinkets to embroider designs that were lovely, whimsical, and original.

Always she maintained the flash of idealism native to her. Sensitive, she worked to develop a sense of humor by which to absorb disappointments. She met the greatest disappointment of all when the Japanese soldiers came in and the missionaries had to leave. Yet she kept the spirit of a true pioneer. She never gave up the dreams of grandeur which gave her the urge to launch into prospects dubious of success. She kept on investing herself in inadequate, elemental places in spite of risks.

She took her sensitivity, without which her heart would never have yearned for the people she served, and cloaked it protectingly with a sense of humor and armored it with a sense of duty. Year after year she kept on giving herself to the work God called her to do. As she gave herself, her best gift, her heart and soul matched in spiritual dimensions the proportions of the vast continent on which she lived and the limitless prairie on which she was born.



Nellie Carl

City Mission Worker

Fiftieth wedding anniversaries seemed to run in Nellie's family. The first took place in 1915, at which time an Oregon newspaper heralded the event under the heading, "Golden Wedding Anniversary of the W. R. Roberts Family Unbroken by Death."

Sarah Ellen Carl, affectionately known to her family and friends as Nellie, was listed among the children who "are in good health. All are total abstainers," continued the report. Twenty-two years later, Nellie and her husband, George, observed a similar celebration after fifty happy years and six healthy children.

Nellie Roberts promised George Carl a long and happy life on the first day of 1888. He had confidently hoped for it long before, from the first time he saw her when he was twelve years old. On the last night of the old year in 1887, he wrote in flourishing penmanship on a small sheet of blue-lined note paper, "My single life ends today. We will begin a happy new year and I hope we will be happier with each new year." Fifty years later he turned over the same small piece of paper and, on the opposite side, like an inseparable part of the first inscription, he wrote of the joyous years in between.

The miracle of fifty years of married life for two people is no more amazing than the mystery of how this fragment of

paper made the long journeys with George and Nellie on their wide travels together, totaling thousands of miles. It survived the travels of two persons "who visited more homes than any minister and wife of any denomination on the West Coast," as George said. "And my wife thinks in the world," he added. Between the inscription on either side of the note paper are unwritten stories of hard work, performed with long-suffering patience, by two people openly and sentimentally in love with each other.

Typical of Nellie's lifelong mobility, the story begins with her family moving to the West. She was four years old when they left Missouri for the coast, traveling in a boxcar shared with another family, and cooking, eating, and sleeping in it all the way to San Francisco. There they boarded a boat. Landing at Coos Bay, they went by wagon to Beaver Slough and by rowboats and wagons to Myrtle Point.

Nellie learned early to adjust to the excitement and hazards of travel. She knew homesickness. She cured it by making home wherever she was. She knew the twin emotions of joy and fright when reaching strange destinations in strange places where the territory was sparsely populated and homesteaders were a welcome sight. She learned to look out for newcomers. When the Carl family moved in from Iowa, she joined her family in welcoming them to Oregon.

Nellie's father quickly observed that the oldest son, George, then twelve, was as handy as an adult with an axe. Nellie's eyes darted in George's direction, too. She saw that in school he was clever with books. If George appeared to have an eye only for practical duties at hand, the impression failed to take into account his glances at Nellie. Seven years later, when he married her, he said that he had fallen in love with her at first sight.

In the eyes of George and Nellie, bright with romance, another view of life came into focus with a sharp, clear reality.

Two months after their marriage, they were baptized in the Church of the Brethren at Myrtle Point. George became the Sunday-school superintendent. Two years later he was elected to the ministry. Two weeks later he was called upon to preach his first sermon. The careers of homemaking and churchbuilding, running in parallel lines through the marriage of these two, are like the dual tracks they made as partners into unbroken fields of service.

Wide expanses of trackless timberland separated the Brethren who settled throughout the far Northwest. While the settlers brought the land under cultivation, the church conceived its task to be the spreading of the seeds of the gospel. Some, like George Carl, cultivated both the land and the hearts of men. They were blessed if they had good wives like Nellie, who was always at her husband's side, helping him plan and execute his dreams, whether it was repairing a gadget, planning a church building, organizing a mission, or making the home more comfortable.

"You children are fortunate to have so fine a mother," George often said to his children. Because he worked so closely with her, he knew every detail of her finely-etched character.

After his call to the ministry, George was assigned five meeting places in which to preach on the five Sundays of the month. For four years he carried out his schedule with dogged determination, traveling by foot, horseback, or dogcart. His Sundays, which included basket dinners between morning and evening services, followed on the heels of six days of hard physical work to support his family.

Meanwhile, isolated Brethren in the Northwest initiated on their own a flow of appeals to the Brotherhood to send workers into remote areas without churches. For ten years a woman in Washington repeated her appeals until finally the Brotherhood appropriated two hundred fifty dollars with the

stipulation that the money must be accompanied by a leader appointed to scout out the possibilities for a church.

The district mission board filled the request better than they knew when they laid their hands on George Carl to be an ambassador to the city Brethren in the Northwest. Nellie packed up her family. They moved in 1895 to Centralia, Washington, where they held a two-year pastorate in a city mission without a salary, without a parish, and without a church building. This was their first experience in city mission work but it was not their last. Under district appointment they organized five new churches, supervised the building of five church plants, helped in two others, and served more than fifty years as pastor and wife wherever they were called.

The starting of the church at Newberg, Oregon, was typical of the way they worked. On October 5, 1889, the family drove into the town late in the evening. They were tired. So was Daisy, the horse that pulled the wagon from Myrtle Point. When they inquired about a place to stay overnight, the local residents pointed to a vacant lot. The Carls jogged over the mudholes in the street, chose a spot, pitched a tent, and slept soundly until dawn.

They rose to meet the opportunities for starting a new church in a strange town. If they did not meet opportunities, they made them. They rented a building for temporary use. They interviewed neighbors and newcomers. They purchased a lot. On weekdays the minister was carpenter; on Sundays he was preacher; in between he was a pastor to whomever he met.

Nellie and the children helped him drive nails during the week and on Sunday his wife taught a Sunday-school class and led the singing. She solicited funds for a bell in the steeple of the proposed new church. The bell was hung only after consultation with the officials of a denomination cautious about worldly frills. Forty years later the church, bell intact,

was the scene of a celebration for the Carls, who had built the church, literally, with their own hands.

Between the turn of the old century and the end of the fourth decade of the new, they saw Brethren on the Pacific Coast grow from fewer than a thousand to over twelve thousand. They gave personal attention to the growth of every congregation and knew the leaders of each firsthand. When George died suddenly following a sermon at Fresno, California, he had just fulfilled a lifelong aspiration to preach in every Brethren church in California.

Not until his death did Nellie realize that loneliness taxed her vitality far more than the activities of a city mission pastor's wife did. She was made to be the hub of the wheel for a mobile church family. She was geared to travel and travelers. Her kitchen cupboard was a storehouse for itinerant Brethren. Her hospitality filled the hunger of Brethren who were starved for religious experiences which had enriched them in the past, which they had forgotten, but without which the future held only a gnawing spiritual need.

Her home was a base of operations for new families coming to settle in the West. If the phone rang just as a meal was about to go on the table, the children stretched the table to accommodate guests while Nellie stretched the food by opening a jar of homemade preserves and pickles or an extra can of fruit and by slicing another loaf of bread. By the time George arrived from the train station with the guests, the table was ready and extra beds were made up. While the newcomers recounted personal anecdotes, sometimes of success but more often of failure, the children listened, saucer-eyed, until bedtime. Next morning, the visitors were included in morning worship. Nellie's home was more than a house. It was a sanctuary.

Nellie took care to preserve certain family rituals and cherished possessions in order to give continuity to the

sequence of houses into which she moved her family from one city mission point to another. The brown satchel of family mementos, clippings, legal papers, and pictures was evidence that the family securities were invested in love and gratitude for each other. The big clock on the corner shelf which George had bought for fourteen bushels of oats to give Nellie when they were married had recorded the birth of all six children. The blue china hen sat sedately on her nest throughout every journey and settled down snugly in every place they called home. The pair of floral vases survived Grandmother's voyage from England, Mother Roberts' trip from Missouri, and Nellie's trail up and down the Pacific slope. The framed motto, "God Bless Our Home," recognized God's hand in leading them to every house they called home.

If Nellie was the hub of the home and George the hub of the church, God's day was the hub of every week. Family events pivoted around these centers. On Sundays, Nellie sat near the front of the church to lead the singing. In the evening, though she sat alone when the service started, some of her children were often beside her by the time the prayer was over. Weary and sleepy, they wended their way under the pews, while the congregation knelt for prayer, to be close to their mother's lap in case their heads grew heavy before the sermon was over.

After the Sunday evening service, the family relaxed over a help-yourself, left-over meal of cold fried chicken, lima beans (known as Sunday beans in the family), and pie and cake. Other evenings when George was gone, Nellie made taffy or fudge, popped corn, told stories, played games, and helped the children with their homework.

Nellie cherished George's dreams for the city church. In her lifetime the Brethren were not only a rural people but they formed a tight nucleus of people who nursed a corporate suspicion that anything which smacked of the city was full of

temptation and compromise. Nellie joined her husband to take a counter stand against such fears. They became pioneer missionaries to Brethren who, sometimes ignored because they lived in the city, became stragglers in outposts removed from clusters of Brethren who huddled in the established rural areas.

George and Nellie began city mission work eleven months after Wilbur and Mary Stover were commissioned to go to India on the first foreign mission assignment. The foreign work received more attention through the years because of the drama which attends strange people and unknown places. Yet, all the while, the city missions grew and flourished at home. George and Nellie set a pattern which became indispensable as the Brethren moved to the city. Increasingly the church of the present generation finds the city church the hub of expansion.

Nellie helped her husband lay out the first thin paths to city missions. The tracks they laid have expanded, like the highways of today, into new home mission projects that meet newcomers, as Nellie met them, wherever they are. She anticipated the mobile nature of Americans and helped the Brethren, rooted and rural, to accommodate to it.



Ida Shumaker

One Who Lived Intensely

Frenzy generated by World War II spun under the dome of Union Station, Washington, D. C. Sailors, soldiers, and military police in stiff uniforms moved under orders from governments in crisis. Nations to the ends of the earth employed vast military strategy and lethal weapons to rescue mankind from the blood-stained tyranny of man's inhumanity to man.

In the middle of the station, waiting alone in the mass of humanity that swirled about her, stood a seventy-year-old woman. Her calm composure belied the intensity of her commitment to a cause. For she, too, was under orders. She, too, was engaged in rescue work. Long before this, its aims had been announced as "the birth of a new type of man and the promise of a new world of the future." The maladies of the sin-sick world were a sharp contrast to the strength of men and women, like her, who built the new.

Her bearing and her dress signified, too, her commission and her Leader. A wealth of white hair, swept into a twisted knot that crowned her head, was covered by a white wisp of prayer veil. Her dress, sheer and white, was draped in loose folds from her waist to near ankle length. At her feet a small valise to hold a minimum of clothing was evidence of an experienced traveler.

She was a woman accustomed to travel, at home anywhere,

with anyone, in all kinds of places, under all kinds of conditions. Under direct orders from God for over forty years, she moved with the assurance that comes to those who have confidence in the tried-and-true trustworthiness of their Leader.

The minister who had come to meet her spotted her among the crowd in the station. "I'm sorry about the heat, Miss Shumaker," he said, apologizing for the weather in which summertime Washington simmers.

Her first words disarmed his worries completely. "I'm at home in hot weather. This is the kind we have in India, only it's much worse there." Always her words and her demeanor established the climate for composure.

Ida Shumaker had been this kind of woman for a long time. From the time she was a child she had been a motherly person. A brilliant student from childhood, she was among the first to graduate from the high school in her home town of Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. There, on the highest ridge of the Alleghenies, she developed an imagination which is often indigenous to those born within the hug of close mountain ranges, who covet lands beyond the peaks. She grew up to teach the children of her native village with a skill that surmounted provincialism and reached children halfway around the world.

Even after she left the States for India, she was bombarded by requests to visit local churches upon her return to America, to speak to children and to adults as well. The minister in Washington, D. C., like hundreds of other ministers, had met her at a train station to take her to his church for two weeks of vacation Bible school, for missionary meetings, or for storytelling.

There she did what is considered an impossibility in the teaching profession. For over an hour at a sitting, children from the ages of three to fourteen listened, spellbound, to her.

The legs of the smaller children, so short they dangled from the pews, moved in rhythm to her dancing feet, her curlicue gestures, and her songs in Gujarati. Children forgot time and fatigue at her inexhaustible banquet of delicious tales and dramatics from the exotic Orient.

For over sixty years Ida Shumaker taught children, some like these, some very different from these, but always the same because all were children. Her stories of Jesus and His love, spoken with vitality and lighted by the sparkle in her eye, became vibrantly alive. When Miss Van Doren, an educator who worked in the National Christian Council, saw what Ida Shumaker did for the children at the mission station in India, she said that evidences of a great teacher were everywhere.

Her career as a teacher began early. At eleven years of age she taught in the Sunday school in her home church, where a plaque has been laid to her memory. At fourteen she was baptized with a spirit of devotion that was unusual. She graduated from school at sixteen, became trained as a teacher and taught for twenty-one years near her home. Summers were given to teaching in home mission churches. Jacob Riis, the noted lecturer, upon seeing her work, said, "Now I have seen two people who know how to handle children."

A life of enlarged usefulness in her community was intercepted by a call to go to India. She knew that, at this point in her life, whatever decision she made would stamp a conclusive identity upon her life's work. Her struggle to know God's will was intense because she was an intense person. She refused the call for two years. Then, one evening, during her private devotions, her refusal was arrested in a moment of clear revelation. A small child beckoned her to come to India. She knew that this was what her Lord, to whom she had pledged her full allegiance at the time of her baptism, now had in mind for her to do.

The revelation brought her into complete surrender to God's will for her future. The vision of a needy child, sent by the Master Teacher, whose student she had been since childhood, never left her. Her commitment was so complete that when difficulties came she never once doubted that God wanted her in India. To a warning from her doctor that she could not live in the climate of India she answered, "My God will take care of that. If the Lord sends, He gives the power to go and say and do."

In June 1910, she was commissioned as a missionary. Her definition of a missionary placed God at the center: "God's man or God's woman in God's place doing God's work in God's will for God's glory." She arrived in India at the age of thirty-seven to begin a second life in a strange land.

Her natural curiosity, her sense of adventure, her enthusiasm, and her friendliness helped her in the initial adjustment. She finished her language studies ahead of schedule. Her first charge was the girls' school at Bulsar with forty-one girls in the orphanage. Her manner with the girls, who called her Miss Ida, was one of friendly firmness. Miss Ida, they came to realize, never gave rewards for shoddy workmanship or careless habits. She taught carefully. She taught others to teach. She prepared lessons precisely. She translated songs and lessons into the language of her pupils. She used her versatility in many types of mission work.

After her second furlough in 1926, a new mission station was to be opened in the village of Khergam, fifteen miles east of Bulsar. Miss Ida was appointed to establish here a Christian community which would be self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating. The project foreshadowed the development of the indigenous church which was to bring in a new policy for missions in India under the rise of national independence.

The way she grappled with small beginnings at Khergam

was indicative of her zest and unflagging enthusiasm in small details. Only a woman with instinctive affection for small things could see possibilities in the limp prospects at Khergam: an unfinished bamboo shed, one little shoot of a tree, an unfenced compound covered with grass that even the goats disdained to eat. There was no well, no place to house the teachers. But Miss Ida, Elder Naranji, and Benabai had worked together before at Bulsar, and the unpromising beginnings at Khergam did not dismay them.

Because the river which they must cross to get to Khergam had no bridge, it had to be forded. Furthermore, it was affected by the rise of the tides, and sometimes gave the small missionary group a thorough drenching. This circumstance gave Miss Ida an outlet for another of her natural gifts, humor. Forging the river also served to convince the villagers that this small missionary band meant business, even under threatening conditions.

Their business involved the open announcement that the Christian church at Khergam had an "open door." Opposition to this type of program brought resistance, sometimes persecution, but the program continued. The test came when three Hindu leaders incited a mob to tear down the mission. Miss Ida and her helpers prayed for hours when, suddenly, she felt the problem lifted. She announced to her coworkers that victory had been won. A runner soon brought the news that the meeting of the instigators had been a failure. The Christian co-operative, the schools, the boarding schools, the founding of Christian homes, and the building of a church proceeded uninterrupted through the years.

The church building was half completed when Miss Ida realized that she was tired out. Quickly her followers rose to the situation. They had caught the spirit of their sacrificial leader. One man offered to sell his house to continue the work. Others gave money. Some gave labor for the construction.

By the end of the year, the people had matched the funds that came from America with their own gifts. On March 27, 1934, the church was dedicated, a monument to the consecration of the Khergam Christians and the outgoing spirit of Miss Ida.

By the end of 1940, Miss Ida had given thirty years of constant service to India. As she was about to return to America, she stood with tearful eyes among her friends. They had wreathed her neck with floral gifts. Colorful decorations had been pinned in her hair. The caresses of those she loved held her to the country she had adopted as her own. She had given much to the people and the country, yet she had not made beggars of them. She had made them givers. Hers was a secret of giving which is rare.

As she gave them a final farewell, the people of India did not respond to her parting words. They did not want her to leave. After her return to America, her return to health, and the return of her thoughts daily to India, she could not remain apart from the life she knew and loved. She returned to India in 1944 in time for the Golden Jubilee celebrating fifty years of Church of the Brethren missions in India. She continued her work. On February 16, 1946, with thanksgiving that she had not been disobedient to the heavenly vision, she died. Her life and her death tolled a grand hymn of praise.

The beautiful church at Khergam, named the Miss Shumaker Memorial church, engraved on a plaque the verse which its founder had kept before the congregation and the community: "Unless a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Miss Ida was buried in India. The fruits of her life continue to develop and bloom. They repeat her favorite exclamation, mixed with awe and wonder: "What hath God wrought!"



Catharine Van Dyke

Founder of Mothers and Daughters

"On April 8, 1890," the committee recorded, "Sister Cassie Beery came before the Missionary Committee and asked advice about going as a missionary teacher to Africa under the American Baptist Board.

"How deeply touched were all those present," the secretary wrote, in an unusual burst of attention to a woman, the first Brethren to volunteer for foreign mission service, "when it was learned that one in the Brotherhood was thinking enough of the swarthy people in far-away Africa seriously to consider going to them."

The report rises in emotion to describe the occasion as one which "brought tears to the listeners as Sister Beery told in simple terms the needs of the Dark Continent." The tears produced no field of operations for Cassie's dream. But they may have mellowed the ground. Thirty years later, the Africa mission field was opened, though soon after her appeal the Brethren had missionaries in India.

Such delayed action is not surprising. It was typical of the caution exercised by the Brethren, in which many creative persons were lost from a church absorbed in its survival as a conformist unit of "peculiar people." They made little provision for minorities, such as Cassie Beery, within the ranks of what was, itself, a minority group. Individuals bold enough to proclaim a call to new fields found themselves under

a test of patience if their vocations fell outside the pale of official considerations.

A few individuals were gifted with suprahuman loyalty. They walked the tightrope of faithfulness to the restraints of the corporate group and the claims of freedom urged by an irrepressible creativity. Patiently they looked around for small niches in which to work in a church which offered little room. They used their lively energies and minds in places which were tiny but amazingly productive.

Cassie Beery was such a person. She did not get to Africa. The Brethren had no place for her there and the Baptists who were there had no place for a Brethren. Though Cassie found no soil for her missionary dreams, Wilbur Stover caught them while they were still alive and planted them in India four years later. Long after Cassie was dead, her grandson went to Africa.

Meanwhile, Cassie took her dreams, resketched them in other outlines, and designed a blueprint clearly marked "Home." Just prior to this, a mission church had been organized in Chicago, on Hastings Street. The mission progressed slowly, fell on disruptive times, then gradually gained momentum. In 1897, a dispensary was opened by the Missionary Committee under the general management of a young doctor, G. H. Van Dyke. The doctor's wife was Cassie.

Married in 1891, busy with her family of five children, she lived close to her husband's work. A large dwelling house, purchased by the Missionary Committee for the dispensary in the downstairs rooms, had quarters upstairs reserved for the doctor's family. Human needs, trailing their telltale evidences of misery and privation, came close enough to Cassie to regenerate a fresh response to the earlier missionary call.

She saw that the waiting room could serve, between office hours, as a meeting place for the doctor's patients. Especially the mothers needed help. Most were foreign born.

Many were poor. All were limited in their knowledge, frustrated in their hopes, eager to learn. She saw their struggle against insurmountable odds and loved them all — the woman who expected an addition to an already undernourished family; the widow tense with anxiety over every penny spent at the market; the mother who knew there would be no escape from areas overpopulated, streets too congested, play spaces undersized.

Long before the days when a study of interpersonal relationships was required of social workers, Catharine's native sense of how to help people was sound. She listened. She did not ask blunt questions or evaluate faults and frailties. She understood the human need to be accepted. She believed that the women she met were honestly trying to live up to the standards they held for themselves. She recognized their sensitivity when they fell short.

She did not pretend to have all the answers. Every week she gathered mothers into the dwelling on Hastings Street to exchange views with them. As mothers together they discussed, listened, prayed, and hoped. She was an innovator in what has become standard orientation for motherhood, namely, that a mother's relationship to her children does not end with feeding and clothing them. It begins with how the mother feels when she feeds and clothes them. This sets the emotional and spiritual climate in the home. She observed that family relationships have a direct bearing upon children's health and general well-being.

She felt the pinch of limited housing and its stress on family life. Both she and her husband came from the farm where abundance of room and open space was a child's birthright. She was quick to sense the frustration of her own five lusty children cooped into upstairs rooms with only two bedrooms and makeshift sleeping quarters for three of the children — two on a folding bed in the dining room, crippled

Eunice in an alcove off the living room. Every room was crowded. Even the kitchen with its monstrous cookstove fed by coal lifted up the back steps to the tiny rear porch.

Growing up as she did on a farm where all members of the family worked and lived closely together, Cassie was troubled by the sparsity of time which the father-doctor had for his children. She knew that every minute with their father was all the more precious to the children because it was brief. She gathered up the few scattered minutes between office hours and house calls with a family-time at dinner. With the family together around the evening meal, she took down a volume of Dickens, Alcott, or Bible stories. Thus a company of illustrious literary guests joined the family's pleasant dinner hour. The ring of the doorbell was a signal to close the book and to open the doctor's office.

Family festivities were not celebrated lavishly but they were met with expectancy. "Come along with me, Mary," said Irene on the morning of her tenth birthday. "I have my money for birthday cookies." She showed her sister the coins, which her mother had given her, clutched in her hand.

"What kind will you buy?" asked Mary on their way to the store.

Irene took a deep breath. Store cookies were not to be considered lightly. They were a once-each-year choice. "First I'll look around," she announced proudly, "but I think I know what I will buy. The round ones, with vanilla wafers on the bottom, then a mound of marshmallow cream covered with chocolate with a pecan on top. The best cookies in the world — my birthday cookies!"

Catharine's charm with her own children reached out to the families on Hastings Street and moved to homes in all parts of Chicago. She was on the board of the Chicago Women's Shelter, which cared for unfortunate girls and women. She was president of the Conservation League of

America. Her background as a country schoolteacher gave her skill with diverse people. Her experience as a college teacher at Mt. Morris, McPherson, and Bethany gave her the poise that prominent posts required.

Her work in the church reached national proportions when she asked the committee in charge of Annual Conference of 1906 for permission to hold meetings for women. "I had plans in mind," she wrote later. "I had literature available and an original paper on 'The Relationship of Husband and Wife.'"

The first meeting was held in the late afternoon of June 4 with two hundred women present. The interest shown in the first meeting was sustained through three meetings which followed. In 1910, at Winona Lake, the women met at prearranged meeting places for five sessions on as many topics: *The Baby*, *The Family Altar*, *Childhood*, *Adolescence*, and *The Mother's Standard for Her Child*. In 1913, daughters were included and the group was organized with thirteen charter members. By 1923, local groups of mothers and daughters held a total of seventy-four sessions across the Brotherhood. By April 1926, a constitution of the Mother-Daughter Association had been adopted, making the association a part of the General Sunday School Board.

Cassie was convinced about the need for mothers' groups. She was equally articulate about making known the importance of organizing them. "The organization is not a system of religion," she countered, forestalling obstruction to her project, "not a passing fad, not a club for women's wails. It is a movement for cooperation in teaching women something of the care of mothers as transmitters of life and character to their offspring."

Speaking with persuasive moderation long before primers on baby care put young mothers at ease, Cassie said that the organization "hoped to teach mothers something of the care of infants." With friendly firmness she assured mothers of

“help in training their children in obedience and cooperation.” And long before the Atomic Age, with its mood of despair and apathy about the future, she promised to “teach children how to keep their bodies, minds and hearts pure and clean for this and succeeding generations and for God.”

She outlined a system of local, district, and national mother-daughter associations with literature available for all. The financial record of 1925 shows the income at \$94.00 and disbursements at \$99.75 with the deficit of \$5.75 covered from a mysterious special gift, probably her own, to bring the balance to a solid black \$2.25. At the 1925 Annual Conference, the attendance for the five meetings ran to three hundred fifty, not counting fifty fathers and sons courageous enough to attend a meeting for family groups on the fourth day. Four years later the Mother-Daughter Association became a part of the national women's council of the church. This same year Cassie died, after twenty years of national leadership.

She was a gifted woman. Her sparkle might have been plowed under by the Brethren who, to avoid stumbling, hesitated to pick up whatever glowed with promise out of fear that it glittered, too, with temptation. But by the late nineteenth century, several gems shone through to pierce the monotony of a pious, moralistic, and somber people. Cassie was one of those gems and she was not alone. Like many others in her lifetime, she saw Brethren accept new ways if they were espoused by persons of integrity and trustworthiness.

Prior to her appearance before the Missionary Committee in 1890, individual persons seldom slipped into the records of Annual Conference. The reports were filled with simple questions and answers regulating behavior patterns, inscrutably correct, of indisputable importance to devout Brethren. “How is it considered?” came the question, hundreds of times, regarding how to dress, what to own, where to worship, how to baptize, how to judge, how to win others,

how to hold fast to tradition. In most of the nineteenth century, in a nation politically experimental, industrially aggressive, and socially diverse, the Brethren stood pat in the moving tide around them.

But by the late nineteenth century, Brethren began to take many kinds of people seriously — even women. They were no longer silenced just because they were women, or because they voiced opinions which inaugurated changes. Catharine Van Dyke was a woman whom the officials took seriously.

She was a woman of ideas, one who turned ideas over in her mind until they were polished like jewels which the Brethren never used but which had value none of them could resist forever. With her refinement of manner and method, she became a Brethren woman who won station for herself, and for women generally, in the church. In urging women to emerge with confidence, she helped the Brethren as a group to move out to others, to share with them the special gifts which God intended the Brethren to share beyond their own. In this, Cassie Van Dyke led the way by personal example.



Mary Schaeffer

A Woman Unafraid

"Mary! Mary! Shame on you!" shouted the schoolteacher. She pointed a finger of scorn at the small pupil who had disobeyed. "Shame on you for bringing dishonor on your church."

Mary's prankish mood changed to shame. She hid her face against the bannister where she had offended her teacher by twisting and sliding during recess at school. Both the childish mood and the offense were unusual with her. She was conscientious and obedient. She was seldom the object of correction, being at the top of her class as a student.

Only ten years old, she did not understand that the teacher had used her as an example to worse offenders. But the teacher's shouting, the shame, and the occasion of being a public example because of her church were never forgotten. On Mary Schaeffer's mind the teacher wrote, in her own crude way, an indelible lesson.

Mary had just been baptized. She was keenly aware of the demands which that baptism placed upon her. The new prayer veil on her head and the plain clothes of the Brethren were constant symbols of them.

In that mysterious way in which God works, the scolding of the teacher instructed Mary Schaeffer in the need for vigilance in the Christian life. Forty years later the lessons met the test of privation, loneliness, and tragedy a continent

away from home. Mary herself was surprised to find how well she was prepared to meet them.

Her preparation for sacrifice began early. She found it difficult to leave home at eleven years of age when, by necessity, she was placed out to work. Homesick, she ran home to her mother, who promptly returned her to her place of employment. The experience taught her that life, though hard, must be faced because even struggle has a purpose.

For years she had no choice except to struggle. She was born and reared a child of duty because of the conditions of stress in her family. Courage was not spoken of as an acquired achievement. It was a necessity.

Though short and small, Mary grew fast in ways which the young seldom know. In the home of her employer she was taught to read the Bible every night before she went to bed. Her self-discipline in her private religious life was remarkable. Though she loved books, she had only the Bible and an occasional *Missionary Visitor*. She could get to church only once between the ages of eleven and fourteen, and to the love feast only between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

At the age of nineteen, she was allowed to return home to work in a silk mill. In a house full of boarders, a Russellite woman argued with her about her personal salvation with such persuasion that Mary was forced to rely on her own thorough Bible study and prayer. She came from confusion to some sure conclusions, which in turn confronted her with the urgent question of what she should do with her life.

Monthly missionary meetings were held in the Lancaster church, where she worshiped. One night, Mrs. Kilheffner recited, "A million a month in China are dying without God." Cora Price Bowen, a Sunday-school teacher of vision and deep spirituality, encouraged Mary to be a missionary. The impact of these and many other forces brought her to choose China for her life, if it was God's will.

Then came the arduous task of picking up her schoolwork where she had left it, six years before. Through the next seven years of school she realized the seriousness of her desire and the complexity of her undertaking. She prepared to be a missionary. She prayed very simply, "God, if it is your will that I should go to China, open the way. If it is not your will, close it."

"The doors could have been closed far easier than they could have been opened," Mary said. "But they all opened, every step of the way." The steps came, one at a time, in a steady, plodding pace which was Mary's natural gait, even for the long journey to China.

She graduated from Elizabethtown Academy, went on to Bethany Bible School, and took regular college work at Manchester College, finishing in 1917. All the way she worked and prayed and studied. Generous hands opened some of the doors. Others she opened herself. She believed implicitly that all of them were opened because it was God's will that she go to China.

As God opened the doors, Mary walked through them with the forthrightness of those who know God, listen for His call, and obey. With conviction came self-reliance to take every step that was needed, even on the long dusty journeys for thirty years in isolated villages in northern China. Some were so isolated that it was necessary to travel by mule for one or two days beyond the mission station. The Lancaster church followed her tireless steps by sending walking shoes for her trips to proclaim the Word of God.

From 1917 to 1950, Mary devoted herself to mission work, largely in Shansi province. Her specific assignment was village evangelism. Taking camping equipment with her, accompanied by her Chinese Bible woman she went into the villages and lived with the people. She conducted literacy classes, held women's institutes, and visited in the homes.

She quickly won the affection of those with whom she worked. Her excellent command of the language, together with her conversant style in many dialects, was a great asset.

When country travel was not possible because of the wars, she was placed in charge of the women's Bible school at Ping Ting Chow. Later she was the station treasurer. During the famine she helped in relief work. During the typhus epidemic she helped with delousing. Among her colleagues she had the reputation of being afraid of nothing.

In the *Gospel Messenger* of March 26, 1938, one of her letters to home folks tells of the crisis in Show Yang, to which she and Frank Crumpacker went after the disappearance of the Harshes and Minneva Neher. "The Harshes were much loved," she wrote during the days alone, "and were proving good material for mission work though on the field for only a short time. Miss Neher has been in China for thirteen years and was a very capable worker.

"When we heard that they had disappeared, Brother Crumpacker and I came to Show Yang immediately and tried to investigate all we could. We felt that I had better stay to try to hold the fort. I was here about two weeks alone. Was I afraid? Not often, though one does not know what to expect from day to day. When we decided to stay here, we put ourselves in the Lord's hands and will take what comes to us."

By 1940, after three years of Japanese invasion and occupation, the Church of the Brethren missionaries left Shansi province to spare the Christian Chinese persecution. Following the end of World War II, they returned to Ping Ting on April 20, 1946, just a little over five years after they had left.

Many things had happened during that period. No Americans had been seen. Children under ten years of age could not remember seeing a white face. There was literally nothing left of the mission property but filth, debris, and destruction. The buildings had neither windows nor doors,

because all woodwork had been burned for firewood. Wells and cisterns were filled with rubbish.

The returning missionaries set about cleaning up, clearing away the rubble, and organizing the property. Hospitals and schools were reopened. The church grew so steadily that on April 5, 1947, Wendell Flory baptized seventy-three people. The year of creative work held much promise.

Wendell had gone to Peking to bring his wife to Ping Ting when rumors came that the Communist army, which was within three miles of the mission station, was on the move. A large army headed toward the city, took it over, and left after twenty-four hours. Mary and Dr. Daryl Parker were the only two missionaries left. By May 1, they surmised that it would be impossible to continue their work long and that their presence put the Christian Chinese in jeopardy.

Since trains and bridges had been destroyed, there was nothing to do but walk. Along the way they spoke of Christianity to those who escorted them. One of them said to Mary, "We could accept Christianity if it is what you say it is." Slowly the patient steps to China forty years before were now retraced to Peking in a hazardous hundred-and-thirty-mile walk. It would have seemed like retreat to anyone without faith. To Mary, her comings and goings were always a part of God's larger plan.

Only two missionaries have given more years of service to China through the Church of the Brethren than has Mary Schaeffer. Her Christian influence over these years of intensive work assures us that while we face toward China wondering what is happening to our fellow Christians there, they are turned with eager faces toward America, wondering what has happened to their devoted Christian friends like Mary.

They cannot forget her—the faithful, fearless Christian woman who, though terrified at times, knew that there was a

job to be done which no one else could do because God had called her to do it. She acted because God asked.

In this simple, direct statement lies the convincing fact that the natural disposition of human beings to panic under stress is absorbed when one is totally committed to the will of God. Mary's courage was not an achievement. It was a gift from the God whom she trusted completely. Her courage was a gift from God, who gave her work to do that required courage. Her courage never failed because God never failed.



Maud Newcomer

Children's Editor

The girl woke as a sliver of new daylight broke out of the dawn sky and stole across the east yard of the farm home, up through the bedroom window. She sat up quickly in bed. A few minutes later, when her mother came into the room, she pointed to the embroidery on the quilt across her bed.

"What kind of bird is this?" she asked.

The mother sat down on the edge of the bed. "A flamingo," she answered as she traced the outline on the embroidered square set in blue percale.

"Did you know," she continued, "that I embroidered these birds when I was about your age, long ago?"

"You did?" exclaimed her daughter. "How did you learn?"

"Grandma taught me. My sister stitched hers in pink and I sewed mine in blue. Then we set the squares together and Grandma quilted them."

"Who drew the birds?"

Who did, indeed? The mother thought hard. The birds had something to do with the country church and the junior class. She remembered the smell of printer's ink, the heavy roll of Sunday-school papers that came in a bundle which the teacher sorted and distributed to the children when the class was over.

"Now I remember," she answered. "The birds came from *Our Boys and Girls*."

But her daughter, of course, did not know about *Our Boys and Girls*. In the attic trunk, folded away with childhood souvenirs, lay a copy of the Sunday-school storypaper of her grade school years. It was a diminutive four-page newspaper. Black and white. Pulp paper. Four columns wide. The first page carried a story with a picture to catch the interest of young readers. On page three was a crossword puzzle. On page four was the Sharing Club Corner with letters from pen pals. Just inside the front page was an editorial which boys and girls were expected to read in those days. And, beneath it, a name — *Maud Newcomer*.

Maud Newcomer! She was the one who chose the birds that went on the papers that arrived at the Sunday-school class of the little girl that worked the bird into a quilt that furnished the bedroom for a second-generation Brethren girl.

Maud Newcomer! Without boys or girls of her own, she adopted a family of readers that ran into the thousands. They were her editorial family. Every time she chose a manuscript, a puzzle, a picture, or an idea she thought of them. In return, children in Brethren churches over the nation met her each week between the lines of their Sunday-school papers and quarterlies. Three decades of Brethren children grew in Christian character under her pen and personality. Her words and her life matched each other perfectly in honesty and integrity worthy of the open-eyed trust of children.

A small woman, she sized herself to the crowded quarters in the editorial wing of the Brethren Publishing House in Elgin where, in the litter of paper and the scramble of copy readers, linotype operators, and job foremen she met the limits of budgets, deadlines, and word space. From 1910 to 1937, as she sat at the window of her tiny office, she did not see the Fox River flowing beneath or smell the smoke of trains puffing toward Chicago or hear the vibration of cars climbing the South State Street hill. She saw boys and girls, far beyond

sight of the eye, in Brethren homes on farms, in cities, and in villages.

She imagined she was a part of such homes — helping families wash dishes at a kitchen sink, sewing Sunday clothes, or setting plates on a gingham tablecloth for supper. In the make-believe world of a child she fancied she was with a family playing checkers on the floor near a pot-bellied stove on a snowy evening, while the father read the *Literary Digest* beside the kerosene lamp and the mother popped corn, its hollow sounds captive in an iron kettle until a heap of full-blown kernels was poured into a granite dishpan.

Turning to the sheaf of manuscripts on her desk, she chose stories and drawings for the families whose homes she visited in her vivid imagination. Then she followed every step the stories took: molded into type, fed into mammoth printing presses, released in sheets, folded into papers, rolled into postal bundles, sent on their way to local post offices and rural mailboxes, and finally delivered by faithful Sunday-school secretaries to Brethren meetinghouses from East to West. It was a long, tedious journey, even for winged birds designed for flight but stamped, instead, on paper to be transferred to quilt patterns.

The most dramatic of all her stories was the story of the editor herself. Throughout the years she performed without default the high purposes of her office, all the while reaching intuitively back to the world of her own childhood. Her editorial career was an extension of it. The oldest of seven children, she never played with dolls. Real children, her own brothers and sisters, were her playmates. She remained conscientious and dependable to an amazing degree for her age.

She needed one thing as a child: to learn how to play. So her parents bought her a dog, a small black terrier named Skippy. She fed and petted him, dressed him in doll clothes, taught him to be obedient, and laid him down to sleep in a

cradle. Taught from a book by his mistress, Skippy became a very wise dog. Such nonsense was lost, however, on Maud's brother, Leo, who found the dog dead one day and tossed him carelessly into a field. Maud's grief was the more intense when she learned of the disrespect with which Leo had treated her dead friend. When Maud's father heard of it, he advised Leo to comfort his sister and help her to give Skippy a dignified burial under the lilac bush in the front yard, which he did.

Maud cherished all the events in the family. Many of them she wrote into poems which she copied on the wallpaper in the clothes closet of her farm home. As books became an unending source of delight to her, she aspired to become a librarian. From her first favorite book — a brilliantly illustrated copy of *Cinderella* which her teacher gave her — she moved into the classics.

As she read, she wrote. She began to write stories for classes in school. After giving a speech at the district meeting in Northern Illinois, she rewrote it, mailed it to the editor of *Our Young People*, and then waited. Jubilant over the editor's reply, she watched for the issue in which her work would appear. Like all beginning writers, she was dazzled by the sight of her own words and her own name in print for the first time.

The experience had a permanent effect. When the opportunity came for her, following college at Mt. Morris and two years of teaching, to become an editorial assistant at the Brethren Publishing House, she went without question. For many years, in line with the custom at that time of not introducing staff members to the Brotherhood, her name did not appear as an editor. But, to Maud, the place given her name was not important. She coveted instead the position in which she was placed to influence the minds of children for good.

Her Elgin office was a habitat native to her. Her coworkers

were church leaders whom she had respected from occasions when her parents opened their home to visiting elders. The conversation which her father, himself a minister in the Lanark congregation, held with his coworkers in the faith was friendly to her ears. Books and manuscripts, old friends since she could first read, lay at her ready touch.

More basic still was the Bible, the textbook for the quarterlies which she wrote for primaries and their teachers. Long before she could read, the Bible was central in her father's house. She remembered her awe as a child when her mother and father ushered her before breakfast into the big room of their Illinois prairie home and set her on a chair too high for her short legs and too straight for squirming. In solemnity unbroken by the smell of sidemeat simmering on the back of the kitchen range or the bawl of a calf penned in the barn away from the herd turned out to pasture after morning milking, her parents read from the big Book. Without rush, disdaining the demands of the natural world in which they were set, they read slowly and with great care.

As the children grew older, each took his turn reading from his own Bible. After the reading of the Scriptures, the parents rose from their chairs, turned, and knelt down to pray. The children followed their example. Years passed before Maud understood that the hour of morning prayer was more than a time to keep quiet while tracing curlicues with her forefinger along the back of the varnished pine chair or counting the number of French knots down the front of her paisley dress. But worship within a Presence, and devotion to God, who lived among them daily, were as real to Maud as the air she breathed, the paths she walked, and the walls of the house she loved.

If the Book and the Presence were at the center of her editorial career, her family of Sunday-school boys and girls whom she tended in their moral and spiritual development

were as real in her adult life as the brothers and sisters she helped at home. For thirty years Maud combined her three loves: God and the church, the Bible and good literature, and children.

This combination was productive for the church in the years when religious education pioneered in recognizing the needs of children as children, not as small adults. She appealed directly to the minds and the feelings of children in a way which sometimes irritated older people in the church who, surprisingly, kept on reading the storypapers in spite of their frustration that Maud's stories were too gay for Pietists. E. G. Hoff, the general editor of all Sunday-school publications, brought the weight of his churchmanship to her defense many times. In a note penciled on the back of an especially scathing letter from a Midwest elder who censured Maud for her selection of a "worldly" illustration for an issue of *Children at Work*, he openly recognized that "we have an exacting constituency."

The editorial staff considered all criticisms, openly confessing when mistakes slipped into the reprinting of Sacred Writ. They welcomed comments when their work seemed carelessly done or when their writings threw confusion among teachers. Yet they maintained a sense of humor about reactionary barbs. They collected them for a fund of epigrams. They were quick to see that some were the first brash fling of ambitious would-be writers and took care to cultivate those persons, not to censure them.

To keep alive her relationship to children, Maud worked in the primary department of the Highland Avenue church in Elgin. She told stories out of her vast store of manuscript reading. All kinds of attractive additions began to appear in the children's rooms at the church. An organ, several paintings by recognized artists, and children's books helped to build the department quarters into a model room. There was no budget

for these items, and no bills for them were presented to the church. This was Maud's way of doing quietly, and by herself, what needed to be done. She kept up contact with all her pupils, visiting in the homes of those whose parents did not attend church and becoming a spiritual parent in a way which anticipated by many years the philosophy that co-operation between home and church is the only sound foundation for spiritual development.

In 1937 her parents, planning to move to California, persuaded Maud to move with them. She cared for them until they died. Her mother, becoming like a daughter to her, lived to be a hundred under her protective care. After leaving the Elgin office, Maud continued to write the primary quarterlies until 1941 when the graded lessons became more widely used and uniform lessons for primaries were discontinued. She never defaulted in meeting manuscript deadlines. Not only punctilious, she was also dependable as to a sound interpretation of lesson texts.

She adopted an editorial policy which was on firm foundations. She believed that Christian homemakers and Sunday-school teachers should give priority to the Bible, to stories from the Bible based on the child's level of understanding, and to quality literature published by the church. She adhered to this policy and acted upon it as a valid premise for competent Christian teachers.

Content and quality language were given first consideration in the Sunday-school publications, eye appeal second consideration. Competition for the eyes and minds of children had not reached the proportion it has assumed in today's world in which TV, Golden books, weekly readers and children's magazines compete for a place in the home, even the nursery. By contrast, the format of the papers which Maud edited seems to us to be stilted, even dull.

Yet her premise served well both editor and reader. Half

a century later, Maud's interpretations of the Bible and Christian concepts are lucid, direct, and, above all, trustworthy. The restraint of a dedicated scholar, careful in the handling of material conceived as sacred in its purpose and message, is apparent in every finely etched line. No higher tribute can be paid an editor or a writer, especially those responsible for a faithful interpretation of Christian concepts so easily muddled, distorted, and manipulated by writers skilled in the use of words and motivated by personal advantage.

Her fidelity to the Word followed the admonition of a first-generation Christian writer: "Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who has no need to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth."



Ruth and Christine Kulp

Partners in Opening Africa

Three dramatic personalities are forged in the Brethren mind when two words are placed alongside each other. One word, holding the cold, fierce intensity of ebony, is *Africa*. The other word is *Kulp*, a family name respected in Brethren annals for many decades. The hidden resources of a silent continent and the powerful mystique of a Christian statesman joined to develop the prowess of both when H. Stover Kulp went to Africa in 1922.

The encounter began with tragedy but ended in glory. Within a single year after Stover Kulp pioneered in Africa, sorrow and loneliness hung over the infant Nigerian mission. In the home church, conflicting emotions twisted the hearts of the Brethren whenever the word *Africa* and the name *Kulp* were mentioned. Gradually the feelings of sadness were caught up in an outpouring of praise. New energies poured from the Brotherhood upon the crucial needs in Africa — education, medicine, tools, and the God who created all men and nations.

H. Stover Kulp learned early, and firsthand, the stark demands which Africa laid upon the outsider. Those he loved died and were buried there. Yet the vitality of the Christian missionaries never died. Those who invested their lives in Africa helped to bring the natural vigor of the continent into a new realization of power. Neither avarice nor adventure

brought them, along with thousands of educators, doctors, and missionaries, to Africa for long years of selfless work. As a result of this kind of partnership, Nigeria and other African nations have received their independence in a period of time that has telescoped the changes of centuries into the accomplishments of decades.

Ruth Royer, the young, first wife of H. Stover Kulp, and his second, Scottish wife, Christine, were women of high talent and spirit. They shared the conviction that the people of Africa were God's children with full resources for health, strength, and dignity. Neither knew the other. They lived miles apart. When their paths might have crossed, Ruth was dead. Yet for both of them, the anticipation of a lifetime of service in Africa was fused into reality by the same man, H. Stover Kulp.

Ruth Royer was a girl of tremendous energy. In the home she tackled jobs with speed and skill. She played and studied in the same purposeful intensity. In a score of pursuits, she was strong, earnest, and thorough. She grew in an environment of conscientiousness to duty defined by high religious idealism. While she was still young, her father, Galen B. Royer, became the secretary of the General Mission Board; accordingly she spent her growing years in the Elgin community.

Here she caught the dynamic of strong leaders sensitized to the religious challenges of the hour. These were the days of the First World War when the dream of a world saved for peace sent American soldiers to the front lines of a continent far away. They were days, too, when the hope for worldwide Christianity within a single generation sent aspiring young missionaries to new continents. Everywhere there was hope fired by sparks of glowing optimism. Governments, humanitarian schemes, and church programs rose to the challenge that all men were meant to enjoy peace, prosperity, and human dignity.

The wave for human betterment aroused the Brethren to penetrate into Africa, which had remained a continent beyond their reach. Fourteen years earlier they had moved into China and fourteen years before that into India. The drama of foreign missions moved with the momentum of a spectacular futurama before the widening vision of young Ruth Royer. The panorama stirred her energetic mind and spirit.

While at Juniata College, Ruth came under the influence of the Student Volunteer Movement, which rallied Christian youth in the cause of missions. She became a prototype of the highest kind of Christian college woman of her day. When her father preached on the campus, in her second year at Juniata, she made the second important decision of her life: the dedication of herself to the missionary cause. Under her father's preaching, when she was a child of ten, she had made the first important decision: to be a Christian and to be baptized.

She was blessed by the influence of another man of uncommon religious statesmanship and insight. The man was H. Stover Kulp, who, already dedicated to mission work, brought her to the third decision of her life. They were married in 1921. They took special training in Philadelphia and sailed to England, where they parted for over a year. Ruth stayed to study tropical diseases at Livingstone College and Stover went on to northern Nigeria with A. D. Helser to open work in an area untouched by Christian missions.

The establishing of a field of missionary operations in Africa stirred the home church in surprising ways. Zeal not known since the opening of the first mission in India gripped the Brotherhood. The youthful leadership in Africa was endowed with stamina and foresight. They spoke vividly of their purposes as missionaries. Their forcefulness and valor came from the core of dedication which they recognized as

belonging to God because He alone was worthy of their supreme allegiance.

Then came the sudden, untimely death of Ruth Kulp within a year after her arrival in Africa. Her death arrested the Brotherhood to an understanding that the strange turn of events, directly under the will of God, could not be termed accidental or tragic. People were aroused to replace the vacancy left by her death. The Brotherhood rose to a renewed conviction that life itself, even a talented, promising life in Christ's service, finds itself realized in both life and death if it has been given over in faithfulness to God.

Those who loved Ruth found a sure message. Her father sent a challenge ringing wherever he preached. "I would rather have my child dead for Christ in Africa," he said, "than alive for self in America."

When the time came for his furlough, Stover went to England, this time alone, but with the sure hope that he would return to Africa. While attending the University of London, he met a Scottish woman, Christine Masterton, who had served a term under the Presbyterian Church in an old, established mission in Rhodesia. Though far distant from the pioneer work of the Brethren in Nigeria, and far ahead in equipment, influence, and experience, the missionary work in which Christine was engaged soon engaged Stover's attention. Though dissimilar in background and cultural patterns, the two were joined by a passion greater than their differences and stronger than the growing love between them. Their passion that Africa should be won for Christ had survived their first confounding years as novices in the missionary enterprise. Within a few weeks they were engaged, married, and on their way together to Nigeria.

Beginning in December 1926, and ending with her death in 1957, Christine Kulp saw her duty and performed it with faithfulness and finesse. She adjusted herself to the language

in a new part of Africa, to pioneer conditions on the field, and to denominational practices new to her. She had clarity of mind which enabled her to make value judgments, conserving what was important and ignoring what was inconsequential.

Upon their arrival in 1927, Stover and Christine opened work in the Margi tribe in a village known as Dille. After a few years, when work in Lassa offered more promise, they moved there. Christine accepted new situations with the spirit of a typical pioneer. Her journals depict the suspense and verve of an African safari.

Her lasting contributions were in work among the women and in literature for both the Margi and the Bura. She helped to prepare schoolbooks, helped in the translation of the New Testament into Margi, and translated several books from English into the vernacular. Her greatest contribution was in the area of music. Most of the songs found in the Margi and Bura hymnbooks were translated by her. She had a good ear for music and, after recording native songs as they were sung to her, she wrote words with Christian concepts to fit the native tunes.

When she and Stover came to the remote village of Dille, the men came out to welcome them. Christine noticed that the women and the children peered at them from behind rocks and trees. They had never seen a white woman before and many of them did not have the courage to look upon a white face. As time went by, Christine won the confidence of the women and determined, no matter how small their efforts or how great the obstacles, to encourage the timid African women.

She led the way for the women in their desire to learn. Together they opened new ways for them to acquire learning. Often she talked to the husbands, persuading them to give their wives permission to attend church services, women's meetings, and the women's school. In the Africa of that decade, any program to develop women required patience

and endurance from their leaders in the face of continuing disappointments.

Christine was noticeably thrilled with every sign of growth and progress among the women. Her leadership was not confined to the Brethren mission. She was active in the Intermission Women's Fellowship and, within this organization, she became co-author of a book, *Marriage for African Girls and Women*.

Throughout the years she was connected with the schools of the mission. During the last years of her life, she spent much time in the educational program, as supervisor of the junior-primary school at Garkida and director of the teachers even after her first illness in 1951. Though ill for many years, she kept busy and useful until the months immediately prior to her death.

She was a gracious hostess and manager of a home filled with courtesy and simplicity in its inbred charm. Two children, Philip and Naomi Jean, added to the rich blessings which she and Stover enjoyed in their home life. She recognized her true riches to be invested in the Kingdom of God. Here lay her first loyalty, her highest devotion. Small wonder that she asked to be buried in the place where she had given a lifetime of work to what was, irrefutably, a portion of God's Kingdom on earth.

Those with whom she worked did not mistake her zeal and her devotion to the Kingdom. "Mrs. Kulp's death is a real sorrow to us. What makes it so very sad is the fact that we know she died for us." In these simple words an African woman expressed the heart of Christian discipleship — the cross. The shadows of the cross leave a tender and abiding testimony on all continents long after the markers on the graves of missionaries like Ruth and Christine Kulp are washed away by time.

These women knew the meaning of the word *partnership*,

a word which embodies the concept of brotherhood deeply rooted in the Christian ethic. They knew that economic and cultural co-operation and racial harmony were needed in their dealings with Africans. Not mass crusades, political promises, or economic bribes have given Africans the dignity which they are winning, day by day, from a self-respecting partnership with people who know the Christian rootage of the word. Day-to-day teaching, preaching, and counseling by Christian Africans and missionaries working together as partners is the brightest hope for the Kingdom in Africa.

Some years ago the church could still afford to think in terms of doing good *for* the African. Now the missionary must work *with* him and, if he does not, the time may come when the African will not allow him to work with him at all. In a very real sense, Philip Kulp, son of Christine and Stover and a second-generation missionary in Africa, is a born partner to the African. Together they have laughed, played, worked, planned, and hoped like brothers because Christine taught her son that all are children of the same Father.



Harriet Gilbert

One Who Met Human Need

"Someday I am going to marry a minister," Harriet said when she was a girl. She seemed to know that her future lay in her own home and in the church.

How could this robust Iowa girl, less than ten years of age, next to the last of ten children left to her father when her mother died, perceive her future with amazing confidence? By all standards, the future of Harriet Yoder was less than predictable.

She was still small when her image of womanhood was dimmed by the loss of her mother. Nonetheless, the impression she had of her mother was composed of convincing memories. They were gathered up in unforgettable stories which her mother had told her since she was a baby. Margaret Shoemaker Yoder, though an energetic and hardworking mother, was never too busy to implant values in the minds of her ten children with more care than she planted seeds in her flower patches. The seeds of both blossomed. Her children learned from her the art of tender care. Seven of the ten attended a Brethren college to learn the art which she believed came from religious values.

Stephen Yoder, Harriet's preacher-father, was a man of foresight in the program of the church. D. W. Kurtz once said that Elder Yoder was a man "a hundred years ahead of his time." He was a farmer-preacher who rode the circuit

part time. He proved himself strong to match the lawlessness of unconventional prairie life. He met new situations with strength and learned new ways. His friends recall that at the age of eighty he worked to improve his handwriting skills.

The Yoder family learned that stamina was needed against the caprice of nature and the sometimes-less-than-favorable odds in the human situation. In the lonely days after her mother's death, Harriet surveyed her prospects for an education as she grew into womanhood. The prospects seemed hopeless. She fortified her ambition, however, and became entirely on her own at the age of sixteen. She supported herself with one aim in mind: to save money and get an education.

Nothing loomed in the foreseeable future except housework. But one summer day, when she was canning peaches in the kitchen, her older brother, Sam, slammed the screen door behind him with the briskness of a sentry carrying out a summons. "You are going to school this fall," he announced.

Harriet, always easily moved and easily touched, was "utterly flabbergasted at the news," she told her grandchildren years later. The story was a favorite with the family, and as Harriet told it the family relived the emotions of that summer day when Sam gave new hope to his sister.

"How can I go to school?" she asked Sam. "Don't you have eyes in your head to see that I have only one good dress?" She spoke straight out. Both of them knew there was not enough money.

But that fall she entered school, and, with the help of her older brothers and sisters, and by alternating between careers as a teacher and a student, she earned her education. At seventeen she taught country school, acting as fireman, janitor, nurse, and chief authority in a one-room school where many of her students were older and bigger than she,

"Can you teach my son geometry?" asked one of the school board members when she applied for a job.

"Yes, of course," she replied. "Of course I can teach geometry."

She did not falter in her answer, though she did not give it without trepidation. Her misgivings fled as she taught the boy day after day the geometry lessons she had studied from the textbook the night before, keeping one lesson ahead of her erudite pupil.

On Christmas Day 1885, when she was twenty-five years of age, she realized the dream of her life. She was married to J. Z. Gilbert, professor of biology at McPherson College, a school which she attended after her years at Mt. Morris.

"When I first met him," she said, "I knew he was the one for me." Confident in the workings of Providence, she later said with a twinkle in her eye which never hinders the work of Providence in such matters, she set out for California soon after she met him, with a book she had borrowed from him as her calling card. The action was not as foolhardy as the long trip might have indicated. The wedding followed at Christmas.

Like many of the professors of Brethren colleges in those days, J. Z. Gilbert was also a minister. Harriet found her minister, as she had said when she was a girl. Then their travels began, from coast to coast, when J. Z. became interested in a new school project at Plattsburg, Missouri. Though the move was unsuccessful from an educator's point of view, Harriet's point of view in these days could not have been more pleasant. Her first baby, Harry, was born. Later, from 1901 to 1903, when the Gilberts lived at Daleville, Virginia, where J. Z. was president of the college, two other children, Walter Pryce and Mary Marguerite, were born. Then came the transcontinental stride, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope. The Gilbert family put their extensive travels

behind them and stayed in California the rest of their lives.

J. Z. became a teacher of the biological sciences in the Los Angeles high schools. He was a patient and fastidious scholar. In a fossil bed in the Kansas area he carefully unearthed a saber-toothed tiger which he added to the collection at McPherson College. In California, he continued his scientific pursuits and also his vocation as a minister. The combination of scientist-preacher was unusual in those days. Since many churches in the area had no regular pastors, J. Z. preached in them often.

Harriet joined him in extensive church work. On weekdays she visited in communities where her husband was part-time pastor. She was forceful and influential in public life, yet, for all her ability, she kept her activities in her home sphere. She made her house the kind of home in which the husband is the head of the household and she was the efficient manager.

To make certain that her church work did not cause neglect to her family, she gave special attention to her home. Her daughter wrote in her diary when she was twelve years old: "Mama went to Lordsburg [now La Verne] to Bible Institute this morning at 7:30 and got back at 5:30. She made pies, noodles and apple-rice [for the evening meal], made gems [muffins] for breakfast, got breakfast, made the beds, cleaned up the dining room, packed three lunches, ironed and got ready by 7:30." The diary records repeatedly that she got up at 4:30 on Sunday mornings to put the finishing touches on her Sunday-school lesson and to get food ready for Sunday dinner, at which there was usually company.

Teaching a Sunday-school class extended over the longest period of her broad activities. From age thirty-five to eighty-three, she taught continuously. From age seventy-eight to eighty-three, she taught a class of young married people at their invitation and insistence. Throughout the years she was

a popular speaker who held her audiences enraptured with stories from everyday experiences. Her messages varied — PTA addresses, devotional talks, Bible studies, children's stories, and book reviews. She was superintendent of the first vacation church schools in California. She instituted church libraries.

Her work in the aid societies branched out into the field of mothers-and-daughters programs, which were beginning to flourish among the women of the church. She wrote program materials for Women's Work and articles for the *Gospel Messenger* on the home and family. The first column on counseling was written at her desk where the telephone, disrupting a family meal many times, brought the problems of troubled people to her ear. She knew the agonizing troubles of those who had broken their marriage vows, of those who had violated the decencies of human behavior.

The column included ideas which came to her through the letters written to her asking for advice. She wrote in a spirit of helpfulness, directing her concern to individual needs. After her death in 1957, many people, hitherto anonymous, many of them unknown to anyone but Mrs. Gilbert, wrote to tell the family how much she had helped them.

People confided in her with the assurance that none of their problems would be made public. They could say nothing which would shock her or turn her into a haranguing judge upbraiding them like small children. Her sense of humor, her love of the colorful human scene, kept her fresh in her outlook. She held the tensions of life with a loose rein. She enjoyed the gifts of self-respect and human relationships which God gave the human family.

In an early discussion guide on the subject of Christian marriage published by the General Mission Board, which served as the central agency for the total church program, she lists the qualifications of a well-informed, good discussion leader. They are taken from her own example as a leader.

"First of all, a discussion leader must be a sincere Christian. He should love people. He should know how to be tolerant without compromising. His methods should grip the listeners. He should be courteous and always approachable." In the guide, she divided the theme into four parts, from "Friendship" through "Marriage and Life in the Family." She kept the four parts as complements of the whole. Like her father, she perceived principles which were later adopted generally. One, especially noteworthy, was that the problems of individuals reflect the problems within the total life of the home.

The bibliographies she listed carry names of authorities who have been accepted as the best in their fields. She took material from these authorities, with their complex premises and conclusions, and put them into a form which her audiences could understand. Her agility in getting a point across is demonstrated in the paraphrase of the Billy Boy rhyme.

"Will she make a loving wife, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Will she make a loving wife, Charming Billy?
Yes, she'll make a loving wife,
We'll stay married all through life,
She learned how to make a home,
From her mother."

Her paraphrase foresaw the currently widely accepted fact that the example of parents provides the basic pattern from which children take their cues in homebuilding. Her premise has become the working assumption in dealing with all marital problems.

In her Bible, Mrs. Gilbert pasted a number of quotations. One states clearly her devotion to Christian ideals. They proved to be a stay against the drabness of old age. They gave a lilt to every period in her life. "Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years," the clipping stated. "People grow old only by destroying their ideals. Years wrinkle the face but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul."



Florence Murphy

Organizer of Women's Work

If a great person is one who arranges old values in a way never seen before to bring a fresh design into being, Florence Fogelsanger Murphy may be said to be one of the great women of the Church of the Brethren.

She was endowed by birth with the fine sensibilities of generations born within a revered religious culture who had preserved the values of the past in exquisite detail. In 1852, the Fogelsanger family of the Shippensburg community in southern Pennsylvania donated land, materials, and a cemetery area to a Brethren congregation. She knew the price and the pricelessness of being a child of the church.

This endowment of spiritual riches did not make her aloof or remote, though Florence Fogelsanger from birth had the bearing and resources to justify pride. Rather, she chose to put her hands to the task of investing the riches of the past in the vibrant possibilities of the present.

Her genius lies in the unusual combination of the ideal within a well-cultivated mind and the practical at hand. "Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands" was a thought she repeated over and over in her writings and her speeches.

While a girl, Florence read religious literature spread out on the "sitting room" table. She overheard daily conversations about the church from her deacon father and her mother,

daughter of Elder John Newcomer. She thrilled with her mother's story of the Brethren women who held a prayer service at the 1885 Annual Conference at Mexico, Pennsylvania. She admired women who were heart-strong in the wider program of the church as the century turned. Her life career parallels, as none other does, the seventy-five-year history of Brethren women who carved out places for themselves as Christian leaders.

Her astute mind moved her in the direction of education, and, after completing the course for teachers at the local normal school, she taught in a one-room country school. Later she described her experiences in terms of their positive value, a point of view which she exhibited even as a young woman in her teens.

"Much as the children may have missed in the light of modern educational standards," she wrote, "they learned to be co-operative both with teachers and with one another. They learned to respect authority and property. There was no room for nature study, composition or art in the daily schedule of classes for thirty children scattered over eight grades. But jaunts into Nature's laboratory afforded material for the writing of compositions, for ideas to decorate their school papers and the schoolroom."

Florence attended Juniata College for her Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Sacred Literature degrees and later the University of Pennsylvania for her graduate degrees. She taught at Blue Ridge College for five years, the last three of which were under the college administration of her husband, Ross D. Murphy, who had become president. Previously he had been the first pastor of the Shippensburg church, the first congregation in the district to employ a pastor.

When Florence and Ross were married in 1918, they believed their future to be in educational work. But while in Philadelphia, where he went to complete his university work,

Ross felt the pull of the pastorate. "Ross was, and is, basically a pastor," Florence wrote years later in the *Gospel Messenger*. "For my own part, I was beginning to realize that any opportunity for service which might be found in the educational field could be duplicated in pastoral work." In the Philadelphia church they laid open wide areas of opportunity and went to work thoroughly and meticulously.

Florence concentrated on work with women. The first twenty-five-year period of organized women's work in the Brotherhood had been based on an interest primarily in missions and aid societies. Women across the Brotherhood were moving into a transition, a second twenty-five-year period in which she was to have a major role. This was because she pioneered in programs locally, where, she believed, resided the motivation for wider service.

The local church people were like a family to the Murphys. Among the women of the church she brought leadership qualities of stamina and inspiration which were named in a tribute to her on a birthday occasion. "Just as the container in which these flowers are set is unbreakable," stated the note accompanying the gift, "and holds water to keep the flowers fresh, so your influence to us in our church will endure and inspire."

She saw the need for an enlarged program for women. Locally, in 1925, she organized a council of women which was, probably, the first of its kind in the denomination. The local pilot program caught wide interest, and, at the 1929 Annual Conference, in her absence she was elected national president of the Sisters' Aid Society.

Unexpected and somewhat disturbing to her, the election placed upon her the challenge to put her methodical mind to the task of unifying a new program for Brethren women. At the same time that she was impelled by the forward look of the women, she was faced with the request to lend her

leadership to the \$70,000 deficit of the Brotherhood-at-large.

A cryptic, three-line statement in fine print in the *Gospel Messenger* of the next year read, "The Sisters' Aid Society is about to launch a campaign on behalf of that second \$37,500 deficit." This understatement of the dramatic, emergency work of the women was typical of their president's unobtrusive way of tackling a job and seeing it through without fanfare. By 1935, the women of the church under her leadership could report not only financial assistance to the Brotherhood but also an organizational framework to underwrite Brotherhood budgets, projects, and programs.

For the decade beginning in 1935, Mrs. Murphy gave practical expression to a lifelong vision about which she wrote in the *District Messenger* of Southern Pennsylvania. "I go annually to a large downtown Philadelphia store the afternoon before Christmas to be with the mass of humanity who join voices in adoration of the Christ Child. I have been thrilled and awed not only by the presence of the Christ but also by the presence of a united humanity assembled in one place, with one mind, one heart, one hope."

Then she closed with the lines of a hymn: "The cup of water given for thee still holds the freshness of thy grace; yet long these multitudes to see the sweet compassion of thy face." Unseen, war-weary multitudes, on shores washed by the same waters as those that hugged the port city where she had made a refuge for many, were to know, indirectly but in life-giving ways, the healing of her hand of mercy stretched out in Christ's name. They were to find hope in the faces of young men and women whom Florence Murphy would send on her errands of mercy.

In Philadelphia the American Friends Service Committee had carried on extensive operations in relief and rehabilitation since World War I. With the rumble of threatening war in the mid-thirties, Mrs. Murphy accepted the call to be a

liaison person between the newly organized Brethren Service Committee and the American Friends Service Committee. From 1938 to 1945 the Brethren supplied her with volunteer young people and the Friends furnished office space. Reports to the Brotherhood treasurer in these years show a disproportion between the cost of operating her office and what her office produced. What she needed, if it was not supplied, she provided on her own.

She might have stayed aloof from it all. But, as she wrote in these years, "hands which sacrifice their artistic grace in order to serve have a glorified beauty." She measured well the need for hands to serve to be hands clasped in prayer. "For what are men better than sheep or goats," she inquired with the poet Tennyson, "if, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer?"

In a report on clothing for the year 1942, she stated that thirty-eight tons (twenty thousand garments) had been shipped to France under permission from the British. Through the British blockade, with the Portuguese providing transportation and the International Red Cross receiving the material, it was finally distributed by Friends, Mennonites, and Brethren in internment camps in Europe.

She reported that twelve more tons were to be sent soon to complete the fifty tons for which they had secured permission. She further reported that in less than four years, beginning with Spanish relief, Brethren women had given \$125,000 worth of clothing. "This clothing," she stated forthrightly in her report in a decisive tone which secured confidence between her and her co-workers, "has moved right along to Spain, England, and Puerto Rico." She was present to offer the dedicatory prayer for the first shipment of clothing from the new service center at New Windsor.

For eleven years, from 1930 to 1941, she continued her duties as national president of women's work and for five years

longer as Philadelphia representative on the Brethren Service Committee. She was besieged with letters requesting her to travel to districts and local churches. These letters were followed by letters of appreciation for her help in projects ranging from piping water into a church kitchen to establishing a missionary fund.

For over forty years the Murphys reached their local church members with an annual Christmas letter in which they spoke directly of their faith in Christ as Lord. They attended over forty Annual Conferences. Theirs has been a steady, faithful pace. Many people have set their spiritual pilgrimages by the landmarks they set.

Mrs. Murphy helped to initiate interdenominational programs and supported them wherever she went. In 1935 the women of the Philadelphia church brought a request to the local church council that she be installed into the ministry. She accepted the call, placing emphasis on service and teaching. Upon leaving Philadelphia, the Murphys served the Greencastle church, then moved to their Shippensburg home, where they were drafted into pastoral service by the congregation.

The well-defined values which began at home have returned to bless her after the busy days which she shared lavishly with others. Her own words, spoken at the fiftieth anniversary of women's work, state the high honor with which she crowns Christian leadership. "The mantle worn by those who have gone before is a holy garment and as it is placed upon our shoulders it becomes a halo of consecrated service."

She wore the mantle with dignity and grace. She conserved it as a symbol of holy and useful service, of the ideal and the practical. She combined both in her dedication to God.



Clara Shull

Mother of a Church-Centered Clan

In late summer in northern Indiana, shouts of tribal hilarity echo across the shores of Lake Wabec. From all over the world, members of the Shull family beat their way to the clan's annual powwow. As they gather, they perform involuntarily the family rituals which have kept them intact: loud guffaws for the members just arrived back in the States; recognition of the latest-born, whose pre-eminence, greeted by cluckings and cooings, will soon be displaced by another newcomer obviously on the way; rousing congratulations for the achievements of the clan. All of these foofaraws seem unpatterned until, like a hurricane, the chaos at the rim comes to rest at the center.

The center of the storm is a thin woman whom a wisp of wind could blow away. She handles the storm with ease. She generated it. This clan is hers—ten children and as many in-laws, dozens of grandchildren and tens of great-grandchildren, increasing in prolific proportion.

She is eye to the storm. She is queen to the hive. She is the undisputed leader of the clan. Though tribal freedom permits independence of thought and encourages ferocious tenacity in espousing new ideas, one law has never been overrun by this aggressive clan: Mother Shull, the matriarch in her late eighties, old and small and blind, sitting at the center of the noise and squabble and furor, has the last word.

She had to earn her position as head of a strong, tough-minded family. She did it by making sound investments in each person. These investments were in terms of Christian values, especially the ideals of the Brethren, which she talked about, respected, and practiced. The values were solid and sound and they held the respect of all her children. There is nothing sentimental about their respect for these values, or for their mother, who taught them when she was strong and who lived by them even when time laid an exacting toll of blindness, widowhood, and dependence upon her.

The respect comes from hard-fighting men and women who had to face, under grim conditions, their own personal encounters with the exacting standards of manual skills, educational institutions, and professional careers. They know the values which kept them pushing through to victory. They were gifts from a prize champion—their own Mother Shull.

She was quick, wiry, and individualistic from her youngest days. She learned from her mother, who had seven boys and three girls, how to organize and administer a family long before she had her own family of seven boys and three girls. She harnessed the self-energizing forces of her large family from her own strength and discipline.

She managed a system of spotless housekeeping. On summer Saturday evenings on the back porch of the farmhouse near Virden, Illinois, she would string beans, study her Sunday-school lesson from a quarterly propped up on her feet, carry on a conversation with a visitor, and tell a half-dozen or more children what to do to keep out of mischief, all at the same time.

For thirty consecutive years she had a child in high school. She packed lunches, tended a garden, raised chickens, cooked meals, and baked pies with a managerial eye to the mountain of crops to be planted, harvested, and prepared for the twelve who sat down to the table under her roof. The row

of pies she baked every Saturday was beyond her calculation. If a boy sneaked a whole pie for a private feast behind the barn, she had little evidence to prove that one was missing from the long row set out to cool and less time to make an issue of it. Energy and abundance were hallmarks of the family's life. Her sons and daughters grew up to think of life in broad, robust terms.

Her husband was a farmer-preacher who, at one time, was elder of four churches. His church responsibilities opened the way for her to keep alive a childhood interest in becoming a missionary. Through the home church she helped orphans, packed boxes of food and clothing for the needy, became a ready hostess for missionaries on furlough, and gave sacrificially to the mission cause. She was a "big little woman" who spoke lightly of her duties as homemaker and minister's wife, framing her tasks in optimism and common sense. Small wonder that she became the mother of ministers and missionaries!

On Saturday nights she reckoned with the pressure of Sunday morning when each of her ten children would wait at her elbow for clean clothes, a Sunday-school quarterly, an offering, and an affirmative answer to the request that a friend come home after church for Sunday dinner and afternoon play. She prepared her offensive against these inevitable Sunday morning skirmishes when all was quiet in the family ranks during the late hours the night before.

She rose at 4:00 on Sunday to study her lesson still further. Then she met the scramble of breakfast, chores, washing, brushing, and dressing without a moment to spare for herself. Punctuality for the church services was unquestioned. By the time she was in the carriage, she was out of breath. As the carriage bumped along over the ruts of the road on the long drive to the church, she laced her shoes, snatched at the loose locks of hair to pin them into place, and took quick inspection of all the children before they marched toward the pews.

With a Bible under one arm and a baby in the other, she went to the ladies' Bible class. She put the child on the pew, opened the Bible, and taught as if she had done nothing all week but prepare for this precise moment.

If a sense of humor saved her from the full force of her responsibilities, her faith in a Power not her own helped her to meet them. That God was her Lord and Helper was proclaimed on the walls of her home in handmade pieces of artwork and embroidery. Religious mottoes looked down upon the family at mealtime and prayertime. The children were caught up in majestic dimensions which stretched the walls of the home beyond themselves. The Bible was the family textbook. The church was supreme.

She employed subtle ways for her children to learn Bible verses. On Sunday nights, when big dishpans of popcorn were heralded into the dining room as a ritual, she proposed a learning game.

"Whoever spills popcorn must give a Bible verse," she said, with an eye to a clean floor and a quick mind. When one small boy spilled a whole dish, he cast a look of resignation toward his mother and said, "Please pass the Bible."

She faced sickness and trouble with the fortitude that comes from faith. She supported her children in prayer when they were ill or distressed and they came to anticipate it as a source of courage and healing. She bore her children, suffered through sickness, and met old age without going to a hospital. She attended her own sicknesses persistently with homemade remedies. She believed that anointing for healing had a direct bearing upon recovery of health. At one time the doctors called for her to have X-rays taken. She called for the elders of the church, who prayed with her, anointed her, and placed her soul and her body in God's keeping. She believed that she was saved from hospitalization and surgery in this instance.

Because she was geared to caring for others, she was threatened with loss of purpose when self-care absorbed all her time and energy, when her partial dependency demanded the time of others. Like a veteran she organized each day to be creative within the limitations of her age and strength. She composed a plan for each day.

"Rise in the morning with the others, even though it's early, so that I can enjoy family worship at the breakfast table. Wash and dress. Eat breakfast slowly and neatly. I have lots of time. Wash the family's dishes so that they can get to their day's tasks. Sing through all the verses of the hymn, 'Take My Hand and Lead Me, Father.' If I forget, refresh my memory by turning on the record player. Listen to William Beery sing it on his one-hundredth birthday.

"Listen to the radio for the latest news. Practice seeing what is in my room or I'll forget what is there . . . our marriage certificate, the paintings Ethel made, Merlin's motto on motherhood, the brass vases Ernest sent from India, the booklets Russell wrote. I must ask Chalmer to read me some more from them today.

"Learn the words of some songs — 'This Is My Task' and 'Others.' And some Bible verses, perhaps a chapter, such as the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which I repeated yesterday. Count my money again. With Arthur's gift I may have enough for another record of the Revised Version of the New Testament. Write a letter to the President. I'm glad he's a praying man and goes to church. So fine he doesn't smoke, though I don't like all his military preparations. Ask Chalmer's wife if I got any mail this morning.

"After she has time to read it to me, I will answer Bertha's letter. I will write it myself on the new writing board Ralph built for me. Jesse said in his last letter that when I wrote him on my new board the lines were straight and I stayed in the margins. Take a long nap this afternoon.

Prayer meeting is tonight at my house and maybe someone will come early to read me the *Messenger* which came yesterday."

So the weekdays pass. Every Saturday afternoon, in her home across from the church at North Manchester, Indiana, she waits for the secretary or the pastor to bring her a freshly mimeographed bulletin of the services for the next day. Someone will read her the bulletin and she will acquaint herself with the services, step by step. By morning she will be prepared to enter fully into the worship of the congregation without asking questions or fumbling awkwardly in public.

Sunday is the high point of the week for her. She goes to Sunday school and church well prepared. She listens to the records which give the Scripture readings for the week's lesson. When her daughter Cleda visited her, she asked her to repeat the statistics in the quarterly about the amount of social drinking in America. She wanted to be able to repeat the figures in class the next day, to activate interest in the problem.

On Sunday morning, when she sits in her customary pew in the third row, near the pulpit, she feels strong and sure again, as she did when she was a child, and later when her own children were small and sat in the pews beside her. Confidently she waits upon the Lord, a child of God who taught her own children the joys of trusting in a heavenly Father. The truth she taught became subject matter for her children, now sons and daughters of the church, living, teaching, and preaching the same Good News to new generations.



Blanche Miller

Country Doctor

Though the trip was short and the path alive with nature, to six-year-old Bonnie Jean the walk was a chore because it was a daily procedure. As she went out the back door, she scarcely noticed the pond faced with lilies in the back yard. She was intent on the cattle on the hillside high ahead. She could see fewer than a dozen homes in the area, located without any apparent reason except that a running spring was alongside each one. She knew all the families in the houses on the other side of the road and many along the roads her father took to the small farms lying in patches between pine forests.

"Good morning," called out the postmaster-proprietor at the crossroads store when the screen door slammed behind Bonnie Jean. "Nice day for the meeting at the church tonight."

At the rear of the store she set her basket inside the wire cage and went to look inside the penny candy counter while Mr. Judy filled her basket with the incoming mail. As usual, the supply addressed to Dr. Harold Miller and Dr. Blanche Miller was heavy. Several medical journals, the *Gospel Messenger*, two housekeeping magazines, the *National Geographic*, four first-class letters, three cartons of drug supplies, the county newspaper, samples of vitamins, and a package from a Baltimore laboratory marked "Fragile."

On the way back home, Bonnie Jean stooped and picked

up a handful of stones and tossed them toward make-believe targets in the woods beside the road. She looked ahead at the macadam highway, cut on a rim along the mountainside, where cars speeded to the cities. Her parents would drive on the highway in midafternoon or "as soon as the office was emptied of patients," that interminable hour which promised nothing but patience.

She was glad she could stay at home with Miss Ora. She did not especially enjoy her parents when they were groomed in city clothes and wrapped up in conversation about the topics discussed at the monthly medical conventions in Morgantown. The home ways were the best. She wanted to remain in the West Virginia hills all her life.

Giving a heave to the market basket, she set it on the stone wall, and rested a minute. Then she leaned over, propped her chin in her hand, and spelled out the letters on the front porch: "G - I - L - E - A - D." Home looked cool and comforting after the hot trip to the store. She picked up her basket and, while walking to the abundant porch that flanked the house, counted a dozen parked cars.

Outside the door on the office side of the house, she heard the whimper of a baby followed by the muffled conversation which the people always used in the doctors' house. The people were loud and cheerful enough in their greetings to her father and mother at the village store. Or even at the Maple Spring church on Sundays. But when they came to the office, with their ailing babies and emaciated old ones or their strong men and women dispirited with fever, they whispered timidly.

At such times, Bonnie Jean saw the side of her parents unknown on the family side of the house. There the rafters boomed back the laughter of happy people. Health bloomed. Bonnie Jean liked this side of the house best, where her parents resounded with vitality. She went inside.

Throughout the rest of the day, the doctors brought calm to the sick and ease to the dying. To hundreds of people up and down the crevices of the West Virginia peaks that hugged Eglon into an isolated community, Dr. Blanche and Dr. Harold remained, year after year, the community's chief source of health and hope.

The understanding they gave their patients came from spiritual resources. Dr. Harold knew, since he was a boy, that he wanted to be a physician of both body and soul. Blanche Bonsack, who had always wanted to help people, did not know until she met Harold Miller that she would find her vocation in the medical profession. She was blessed with a background which fitted her for Dr. Harold's people, profession, and place. She had always been a friend to everyone, all kinds of people, people in the artificial mold of the city, people with the individualism of the jagged mountains, people in pain, health, riches, poverty. All appealed to her outgoing love.

When she married Harold, after their courtship at Blue Ridge College, her combined career in marriage and medicine met the motivation for a life of service given her by her parents, Charles and Ida Bonsack. Harold gave her also, through his West Virginia family, a house and a community to make her own. From his maternal grandmother he received the house which had been a summer hotel for Baltimore resorters. When they returned to it after their internship, he and Blanche hung their medical school diplomas in the proud old patriarchal home and went to work.

They remodeled the big house, big enough to cover family quarters and medical offices under one roof. For the rest of their lives, Dr. Harold and Dr. Blanche combined a happy family life, which included their own Bonnie Jean and Harold's father and crippled mother, and community service in several fields: religion, medicine, education. In a community apathetic

about learning, health and sanitation, morals and enriched family life, the great stone house stood as a quiet reminder that "the old ways" could be replaced by better ways. Because of the doctors, Gilead lifted the sights of the country folk to lofty ideals which even strongly rooted customs, generations old like the towering pines and hills, could not overreach.

With his doctor's bag in the Model T Ford, or later in a modern car for improved mountain roads, Dr. Harold made his home calls on the sick. Dr. Blanche tended the office for hours at a stretch while he was gone. If she scheduled office hours to achieve some sense of order indigenous to the medical profession, the neighborhood seemed unaware of them. Human ills did not wait for the doctor's office hours before striking their unwary victims. When trouble struck, people instinctively packed up patients and problems and went to the big house for help. They did not mind waiting long hours to see one of the doctors. They felt secure in just being there.

Dr. Blanche often found herself a lone lighthouse in an ever-present restless sea of humanity caught in a whirlpool of trouble and disease. She knew that often, under surface symptoms of a sick body, a tide of distress rolled over the minds and spirits of her patients. She found that she did not have the heart to cut short an important conversation, which might mean rescue to a patient in deep trouble, just because a meal was waiting.

Nor could she meet the pressures of these experiences singlehandedly. As a consequence, an amazing trio organized to manage the affairs of the great house. That these three people should be brought together under one roof, to love and serve together, is a miracle of God.

First, there was Dr. Harold himself, who, in spite of invitations to teach in medical school and to take on more

prosperous locations for private practice, stayed with his own people.

Second, there was Dr. Blanche with her positive, direct treatment of ills, great and small. While sympathetic to the whole gamut of human discomforts, she took forthright steps to stir people toward new ways which she believed they could achieve with a measure of effort on their part. If the hill women shrugged their shoulders and said, "Why be bothered?" when she told them about cleanliness in childbirth and child care, she repeated her instructions. Persevering like a teacher with indolent children, she combined high standards with practical approaches to achieve them.

Third, there was Ora Wolfe. Her natural aptitudes for nursing brought her to the house soon after the doctors arrived. She lived with them until their deaths, starting as cook and housekeeper. When she took over duties as office assistant and general administrator for the diverse routines meshed under a single roof, Auntie Gus, Harold's cousin, helped out. While Dr. Harold was on house calls and Dr. Blanche treated patients in the office, Ora provided abundantly in the family wing of the house. She was a practical overseer. She kept the doctors, Blanche especially, free from what would have been an immobilizing burden of household management.

The Miller home was not isolated from the richest spiritual and educational resources. Bookshelves which lined the walls of the living room and the dining room added their store to the citadel of learning which was in the library upstairs. Current quality magazines and books not only had a place in the family rooms of the house but were used as ready reference material for the spirited conversations of host and hostess around the dining table. Harold snatched time for reading as he waited in a mountain home or read on the road if someone drove for him. The family read aloud at mealtime or while waiting for meals.

The dining room table stretched to include relatives — Auntie Gus, Uncle Dr. Harry, Aunt Emily, Jerome, and Gareth — and an assortment of guests. As often as not they were church guests who were brought by the doctors for special meetings, conferences, and institutes for the Maple Spring church down the road.

At these times, and on Sundays, Dr. Blanche drank deeply from the Water of Life which flowed in free measure at the Maple Spring church. Its springs of Living Water nourished her throughout all her days. She often led the singing or played the piano. She taught a young married people's class. Dr. Harold taught the men. She listened as he took his turn behind the pulpit with the other ministers in the free ministry of the church. She received inspiration from her friends in the faith — the Harshes, the Fikes, the Bittings — who interacted in that chain of fellowship known only to people who share faith in a common Lord. They worked together in a common commitment to Him, to make the world, even the tiny creviced world of the West Virginia hills, a better place for His creatures to live in. Year after year the inspiration and the strength received from their church invigorated their efforts and kept their course true. Their patients were never considered by them as being merely patients but, rather, as being children of the good Father, whose desire for them was that they might know in all its aspects that abundant life which He offered them.

To the religious person, it is no mystery that these Christian doctors named their home Gilead. They were more than doctors skilled in the use of tools on the human anatomy or proficient in dispensing pills. They were physicians to the soul as well.

Because of a profound understanding that the body and the soul are so intertwined that they catch each other's diseases, they brought the healing of God to their patients. Many of

them, returning to their homes over the twisted paths across the mountains, looked back to the great stone house where they had been redeemed from pain and despair by the doctors at Gilead. They rejoiced in the tried-and-true message of an old hymn of the faithful:

“There is a balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole.
There is a balm in Gilead,
To heal the sin-sick soul.”



Anna Mow

Ecumenical Representative

A woman with dynamic poise not born of idleness stepped out of the train and into the telephone booth at the Pennsylvania Railroad station. She dialed a number. As she waited, her blue eyes jumped from one detail to another. Nothing escaped her quick glance, her active curiosity. When a voice came through the receiver, her eyes flashed recognition.

"Is that you, Caleb? Anna Mow speaking."

The exchange of greetings between cousins was both prompt and personal, as if they had been mutually engaged in the thousand and one duties which each had performed in public life separated by miles and months. The activities of each were important to both because of their mutual interest in the same family and the same church.

"I've a few hours in this area," she announced without hesitation. "I can have supper with you."

Within minutes they arranged plans for the next few hours and within the hour they sat at a table with a meal of solid food, which they prepared together in the kitchen, between them. They spoke of family events and friends in the church. Anna leaned forward suddenly, her eyes brimming with large and loving attention.

"Do you know?" she inquired, then answered her own question. "Walter has found God."

There was nothing sentimental or sensational in the

statement. She simply laid out on the table a fact of primary import to her. She spoke without hesitation, without embarrassment, about her friends and God. More than anything else, she desired that those she loved, around the world and in every condition of life, should come to know the love of God as she had known it.

She spoke of the relationship between people and God as she would have spoken of a meeting between two persons caught up in a spontaneous love relationship. She seldom spoke of her own personal religious experiences and never paraded them. Her spiritual depth had an intimate quality which moved people to be confident in their struggles to pursue the spiritual life. She encouraged them by saying, "Yes, I know what you mean. That happened to me once."

When she invited herself into the homes of her friends, she hoped that they would reciprocate by coming to visit her. Her home was in many places and took on many sizes and styles. She lived in student rooms at Manchester College, missionary quarters in India, dormitory rooms at Columbia University, apartments at Bethany Seminary, cabins at camp, and under open skies at the ashrams. The hospitality which her guests received in each of her homes could not be measured by the minimal furnishings but by the abundance of her welcome. Wherever she lived, she was at home, ready to satisfy the human need for shelter, protection, and affection.

Simultaneously, she catches ideas for a speech spread out on the desk, turns pages of a current book she is reading, finishes off with a dash of Oriental seasoning the meal of curry and rice cooking on the stove while all the time she is entertaining guests in a crowded apartment. Her system of getting things done has no obvious order. Yet she handles many items from a hidden efficiency of her own so that each turns out as planned.

Her native capacity to see in conditions and in people

what is not apparent to most eyes came from her stimulating parental home. Her father, I. N. H. Beahm, was a colorful preacher who has become a legend among the Brethren. When Anna, the first of six children, was small, her father was in the vanguard of the Brethren movement to establish institutions of higher learning. She was born in Daleville, Virginia, where her father was principal of the academy.

Her Pennsylvania-born mother, Mary Bucher, was the oldest of thirteen children. She taught school at the age of fifteen, and later, a student at the Daleville academy, married her professor. Most of Anna's life has been spent in an academic atmosphere.

The children of the Beahm home breathed an atmosphere packed with culture and intellectually inquisitive people. The family was not interested in culture as a heritage to be preserved in a vacuum of staid and frozen refinement. They were interested in learning for the stimulation it brought their minds and the escape it afforded them in the daily chores which chained them to otherwise-unbearable boredom. The children were free to explore, handle, doubt, and assert without flinching or withdrawing. To them, the vast world of learning was like an arena into which they plunged with zest. Education was not stuffy but refreshing, mobile, and dynamic.

Anna's first move away from home was to Chicago to expand her education. She studied at Bethany Bible School, then transferred to Manchester College, where she earned her A.B. degree in 1918. The visit of a missionary in her home when she was a small girl, and the activities of the campus Student Volunteer Movement, motivated her in the direction of foreign missions. She re-entered Bethany with this purpose in mind and was graduated with a B.D. degree in 1921. That same year she married Baxter Mow, a fellow student.

After teaching in Virginia for an interim period, they

sailed for India in 1923; there they remained for two terms, returning to the States in 1940. Their three children, Lois, Joseph, and Merrill, were born in India. Anna taught at Bethany Seminary from 1940 to 1958. Since her retirement, they have lived in Roanoke, Virginia.

While in India, Anna became a close friend of E. Stanley Jones. When he returned to the States and established ashrams over a pattern of spiritual retreats common in India, Anna became a vital part of the ashram movement in America. In the ashrams, Christians live together for several days in a place apart, on a campus or in a camp, to enjoy a close fellowship with each other in the open spirit of disciples of Christ. In the ashrams, Anna's warm spirit brought the mysticism of the East into the activism of Western Christianity. Her work sustained her contacts in ecumenical circles, with people from all parts of the world. She has remained throughout the years a close friend of Madam Pandit, sister of Nehru of India.

Her ready outreach to people initiates response. People share problems with her because they have no fear of rejection, no suspicion that she will probe into a problem. She waits for people and she waits through their problems with them, never referring to trouble unless it is brought openly into the discussion.

She can be straightforward, too, because she loves people and because she knows that the love of Jesus covers a multitude of faults. The troubled have a special affinity for her. She does not have to seek them out. They find her. In her wide experience with people of all stations, cultures, and customs, she sees each person as an individual. She does not judge. Nothing in her physical appearance or social manner bears the marks of artificial cultivation. Her graciousness is a natural consequence of love from a loving Lord. Her ability to penetrate with absorbing brilliance is as uninhibited and

as direct as the statement, which she uses frequently, "God loves you."

When she retired from the seminary, after almost twenty years of teaching, the students combined to put into a bound volume hundreds of letters which represent her most prized possession — her friends. People, not things, are her first love. One person wrote that she gave away enough things to furnish a large house. Furnishings beyond the things that were necessary did not interest her. She chose instead to fill her life with friendships.

One of the letters which she received was written by Anetta Mow, her sister-in-law who has been a writer in the missionary offices of the Brotherhood for many years. Anetta jotted down some of the events of Anna's life which, viewed together, make a composite profile of an active, colorful Christian. The sentences, with their quick and hurried pace, match the tempo of Anna's own fast-moving life, progressing from one accomplishment to another.

"Anna Beahm Mow, born July 31, 1893, the sister of Sara, William, Esther, Mary and Lois. Learned to do forty things at once. Saw the pyramids. Studied Gujarati. Baked delicious biscuits. Held 'Open House' often. Taught the Chinese Sunday School. Cared for her invalid mother. Graded stacks of papers. Went on Preaching Missions. Went to meetings of the International Council of Religious Education. Dashed off dozens of letters. Read piles of books, magazines and papers. Flew by plane to church appointments. Taught at summer camps and youth conferences. Helped at Ashrams. Inspired hundreds of students.

"Enjoyed shopping; painted dragons in her stairway; featured India elephants and musical instruments in her home. Laughed and rejoiced. Relaxed with good music. Avoided being pious. Cut bolts of cloth; sewed coats for her friends. Filled her home with education and inspiration.

"Wrote articles for church papers. Served as member of the General Brotherhood Board. The marvel," continued Anetta, "is not that you left a few things undone but that you did so much."

As Protestant leaders moved more and more into ecumenical co-operation that reached to people around the globe, Anna flung herself into the movement with the joyous abandon of her childhood. She was geared for exploration and creative action, and any challenge within the church which called for courage met her unstinted approval and devotion. The principle of her active life is summed up in the verse, "To him that hath shall be given and no good thing will he withhold."

Anna Mow was never caught in the arrogance of denominationalism which assumes that a piece of the Christian church is the whole of the Christian church. She was not a slave to denominationalism, which was meant to be a servant, not a master, of the great universal Church of the Living Lord. She knew her identity as a woman born within her denominational culture. She knew the role which that denomination played in the universal church in her century. Her clear-cut views of both made her doubly effective.



Grace Miller

Worker at Home, Just Beyond

If you think small-town living is dull, that it offers no opportunity for immediate or lifelong surprises, you have not heard the story of Grace Miller, a little woman who lived and died in a small town. Each — the woman and the town — fitted the other to make an exciting difference in both.

In contrast to the cosmopolitan complexities near by, Grace Miller's daily routine was simple, singular, unpretentious. While American businessmen in nearby Los Angeles employed airplanes to make office calls of transcontinental proportions, Grace Miller went on foot, bicycle, or automobile to cover cross-town events in the village of La Verne. She never doubted the importance of the events she covered. To her sharp eyes, they had world-shaking possibilities in which she steeped herself because of their splendor. She had the vision given the great: to see in her own town a mirror of what went on in the world at large.

Her town was an adopted one. Born Grace Hileman in Pennsylvania, she attended Juniata College and, against her father's wishes, joined the Church of the Brethren. After a stint of work at the Brethren Publishing House, she joined two other students to comprise the first student body at La Verne College in 1902. Two years later she married J. L. Miller. They moved into the house at 2325 E Street, settled there for their entire married life, celebrated their fiftieth

wedding anniversary there, and, by this accumulated record, became a pair of residents who lived longer in the same house than any other couple in the town's history.

While raising her four children — two daughters and twin sons — she kept simultaneous touch with townspeople, their families, their growing children, the aspirations of the generations up and down the streets of the town. When she had time to be active outside her home, the church became the center of her magnetic field. Her lifelong activities were always posited toward the church even though they lay afield from it.

From the time she was nineteen, she taught in the Sunday school to amass a record of sixty years. She was a newspaper reporter for thirty years. She taught in the Mexican Sunday school for twenty years. From her background as rural schoolteacher in Pennsylvania, she knew how to supplement classroom schedules of school children with character-building programs in summer camps, YWCA programs, and the Sunday school.

For her steadfast dedication to the moral development of children, the community named a new school building in her honor. Since 1958, three years after her death by an automobile accident, the new Grace Miller school stands at the end of Park Avenue in La Verne. From a memorial fund of over a thousand dollars, a bronze plaque in the church states: "The furnishings of this stage were given in loving memory of Grace Hileman Miller by her many friends, honoring her life of service to others regardless of race or creed."

What made this woman a vital part of her adopted town, like a mainspring ticking away day after day? Most people said it was love for children. Others said she found vitality in every human event. The newspaper editor observed that she was a natural-born reporter of the human scene because she loved it, because she found joy in everything that was

human. Often, with a story of a local event under her arm, she stopped at the newspaper office, laid the manuscript on the editor's desk, took pad and pencil, and hurried on to another meeting she had to cover.

Some said she was the kind of person who was never too busy to take on an added job if it would benefit another. Everyone agreed that each situation revived her flagging energy as she went out to meet it. She seemed tireless in her trek from place to place, in and out of doors, to meet with the Chamber of Commerce, the YWCA, the PTA, the Red Cross board, the Wesleyan Service Guild, the WCTU, the Coordinating Council, and the Community Chest.

In recognition of forty years of distinguished service in her local church, her friends requested that tributes be written to her on small white cards which would be presented in a book of appreciation. Hundreds of cards came fluttering in. Some frolicked with whimsical incidents in which she had been a genial partner. Others spoke with dignity, especially editors who printed her stories and men of many faiths who cherished her Christian witness. The cards came from old and young, from white and Mexican and Japanese, some of them long since forgotten by her. But they had not forgotten her, the woman who took them, the Japanese orange pickers, into her home for a night school in which she was principal, recreation leader, and teacher all in one. Highly learned men and unlettered men wrote cards to her. They were a part of Grace Miller if they were a part of her town and her church.

The cards from the people she loved were like the life-giving cells which sustained the personality of Grace Miller. Her deeds, which were the pulse and breath of her personality, were grafted inextricably into the people, the homes, and the streets of the town. The heartbeat of both was one and the same.

Children were her specialty. They relished the stories

she told as they relished frosting on a cake. They warmed up to the sparkle in her eyes and the lilt of her face when she told her stories. An educator said that she was one of those gifted persons who taught children rather than subject matter. She eased into the thinking and feelings of children like an old friend. She had known children, hundreds of them, over a long, long period of time. Her animated stories were slices from the spicy life she loved, mixed generously with her own ingredients of suspense and fun.

"Once upon a time," she began, like a teller of fairy stories — except that hers were true, "the Spanish-speaking Protestants of La Verne wanted to build a church. Everyone thought it was a good idea but no one had enough money to build it himself. One day many people came together to see how much money they could raise to begin construction of a church.

"Among the people was a small boy. He had heard a great deal about the church because his father was a Spanish-speaking minister. He knew how important it was to have a church which spoke the language of the people. So the boy, whose name was Lorenzo, emptied his pockets. He turned them inside out. He gave every penny he had for the new church.

"One day, twenty-five years later, when Lorenzo was grown up — a big man, too, strong and tall — I looked up to him and said, 'Do you remember the important part you played in laying the foundation for the Emmanuel Presbyterian church?' and Lorenzo answered, 'Sure. It was nothing.'"

Lorenzo's reply sums up Mrs. Miller's own attitude toward the many contributions she made to her community. In the course of a lifetime, many things which seem "nothing" add up to something. Modest investments, continued consistently for a period of a lifetime, made in small, however unpromising

ventures such as community projects and capricious children, often accumulate with time to produce returns of amazing proportions.

When summer camp time came around, her suitcases were loaded with supplies and crafts for children. Standing at the curb of her home, in ample time so that the people who came for her would not have to wait, she had three suitcases packed and ready. Inside the suitcases would be colorful tidbits of nondescript articles: scraps of cards and calendars which she spread out in a tantalizing jumble for the children to pick up and use, to arrange in schemes and patterns, to paste in a scrapbook for shut-ins.

Long before the word *babysitter* was coined, she was a professional in the trade free of charge. Except that she never sat! She talked, read, and participated with the children under her care, often in church or camp while their parents were in adult classes or conferences. Children were her concern because she believed that the pattern for later life is set in the early years. She deplored the waste of the early years, when the best time for personality-building was allowed to slip by from sheer neglect or poor timing.

"One day, somewhere in the middle of the week," a mother wrote, "I saw Mrs. Miller walking — as she always walked all over town on her errands of mercy — and I stopped to pick her up to take her where she was going. On the way she asked if our oldest son, about to graduate, was going to college. I told her that he did not want to go to the nearby state school but that we did not have the money for him to go to La Verne. She responded immediately, 'Why don't you apply for a scholarship?'"

"On the following Saturday, early in the morning, I saw Mrs. Miller coming up our sidewalk as I looked out our front window. She had walked the six blocks to our house to tell us that she had just heard that one of the high school

scholarships at La Verne was not going to be used. She insisted that our son apply. He did. He was accepted. As a result, the college life at La Verne set the whole direction of his life.

"She taught all five of our sons in Sunday school. All of them grew up to participate in special projects in the church: Civilian Public Service, summer work camps, the Brethren Service hospital at Castañer, Puerto Rico, and Church World Service in Haiti. Mrs. Miller had a world outreach because she had a Christian outlook. She taught our sons to invest in good works close at home. All are active in local churches, some in church choirs, some as teachers, as leaders wherever they can be used. One is a minister. The influence of a Sunday-school teacher like Mrs. Miller cannot be overestimated."

The mother of four La Verne College alumni, herself an alumna and an enthusiastic supporter of the college since her own student days, Mrs. Miller was given the distinguished alumni award by the college in 1951. Even on the day of the award, she was not an austere campus dignitary because, to her, she was the same person every day.

In 1953, the college cited her for fifty years as Community Builder, "all of which," the citation read, "she did for the welfare of the public for the sheer joy of it." Prior to her death, she was named Woman of the Week by the local newspaper, for which she was a reporter for thirty years.

"At the age of seventy-seven, she is not ready to give up," wrote the columnist. "She attends every meeting in town picking up news." Not satisfied to be merely a reporter, she wrote the news in the light of what she thought was for the welfare of the community. She put meaning into the news. Often her light was burning past midnight as she returned from city council meetings to write up the news while it was still fresh in her mind.

Everywhere she went she was welcomed. She had been adviser, leader, chairman, secretary, organizer, member, and patron of most of the town's civic groups. The marvel of her widespread interests was her ability to sustain enthusiasm in them. She never dropped her PTA membership from the time her children were in public school. Whenever she was not a member of a board or committee, she was "adopted" as the unofficial publicity chairman.

If you think that this little woman led a dull life in a small town, you did not know Grace Miller. It is too late for you to know her now. The printed page is limited, too. But all over southern California you can find the best part of Grace Miller yet. You can find her zest for life every time you meet any of her pupils and mention her name. Their eyes light up and they begin to tell stories she told and things she did which made their lives different. The way she chose to be remembered has outlived her. Her values are honored by the town she adopted and by the children loaned to her hour after hour, day after day, year after year, in a small place where she made a big difference.



Vahalibai Bhagat

Indian Christian Mother

Vahalibai scanned the sky over Anklesvar to find the position of the sun. It was her only timepiece. Noting the red orange streaks in the west, she calculated that she had time to scour the pots and the bowls before milking time. Inside the house, she scooped ashes from the fireplace into a brass bowl and, outside, mixed the ashes with sand. These she used to scour the brass pots free of stain and then rubbed them with soft mud to bring the burnish to a golden sparkle.

Carrying one of the largest brass vessels into the tiny room off the kitchen, she set it on the washstand. There the children would come to bathe, pouring the water over their dusty feet and scrubbing their hands and faces briskly. Bathing was performed like a ritual in every home in India. A Christian home was no exception.

Vahalibai stirred the embers on the open fire and set twelve brass bowls around the earthen fireplace. Then she called out jobs for the children. Shantilal should stir the simmering curry, Arthur place the mats, Francis sweep the front porch. Every child had a job to do. She had hers, too, and must hurry before her husband came home from the school. She took down a milking pail and went into the yard back of the house.

Staked in the yard under a neem tree, her three water buffaloes stood contentedly under lacy leaves and spreading

branches. She patted their tough, black sides. Ugly beasts in many ways, they were usually cared for by servants and goatherds in most Indian families. But to Vahalibai they were worth her personal care. If she could tame their flighty moods and make them productive, she would have milk to help her children grow strong and she would have money to send them to school — maybe, even, to college.

In India, children of a large family whose mother tends water buffaloes as a means of providing her children's education are a long, long way from schools of higher learning and inconceivably distant from ivy league colleges in America. Vahalibai knew this. But she, who had received much from the Christian mission message, wanted to help others as she had been helped by those from far-distant lands who had loved her even before they knew her. She could do no less for her own ten children.

The water buffaloes were means to an important goal. As she fed cottonseed cakes and meal to the monstrous animals, or hired a goatherd to graze them along the road, she knew exactly what she was about. As she listened to the goatherd play his flute while he rested and the buffaloes cooled themselves kneedeep in the village pond, her hopes rose, jubilant and refreshed. Even cows of Satan, she believed, could be used by God for His purposes.

Like those of her race, she recalled an ancient legend wrapped in a whirligig of whispers from the past.

"What are you making there?" Satan asked God one day.

"I'm making a cow," answered God and went on about His business.

"Let me have a piece of clay. I can do a better job than you are doing," boasted Satan. So God gave Satan the clay.

Satan took God's piece of clay, fashioned it, and handed it back to Him. God took the animal and set him on the earth. It was a black beast, unwieldy on its legs, awkward in

movement, twisted in shape, and ugly in disposition. It was Satan's version of a cow—the water buffalo.

Vahalibai petted the animals, lifted the pail full of milk, and went into the house. She, a Christian woman, did not disdain to use what was at hand for the glory of God.

"Kantilal," she called, "the milk is ready."

She put the measuring ladle in the pot and sent her oldest son off to deliver the milk. At each home he dipped out the portion which had been ordered. Stopping at house after house in the village, he finished his rounds and brought the remainder home so that the family could use it. Vahalibai's children grew strong on it. They were taller than most children in the village. Her savings grew, too, even though she never watered down the milk or gave short measure.

"We are Christians," she gave as her reason. "We sell full milk and we give full measure."

How Vahalibai became a Christian homemaker, with a relationship to her husband and her children far ahead of the prevailing influences of the India of her day, is a story intertwined with the Brethren mission in India. Vahalibai was a young girl of marriageable age long before dramatic changes for Indian women took place. Within her lifetime, the influences of Christianity helped to bridge, in a matter of decades, a thousand years of suppression and isolation of Indian women.

When Vahalibai was married in 1915, nearly a generation before child marriage was prohibited by law in India, girls in India did not have the opportunity to choose their husbands. With the influx of Christian concepts of human equality and worth, many women found attitudes to transform their lives within the traditional cultural patterns. Vahalibai was one of these.

She was born in 1902 of Christian parents in Nadiad, one hundred fifty miles north of Bulsar. She grew up like all village

girls, yet very unlike many of them in this respect — she was never hungry. Her parents, while not wealthy, still were not poor. She had enough to eat, enough to wear. In addition, she was the protected only girl in a family of three brothers.

When she was seven years old, arrangements were made, according to local custom, for her to marry Premchand Bhagat, the son of a respected family in the village, a boy only five years her senior — a favorable consideration in a land where husbands were sometimes twice as old as their young wives. It was expected that before Vahalibai would become thirteen she would be Premchand's wife.

Prospects for the consummation of the marriage plans grew dim, however, when the Bhagat family moved to Bulsar because of famine. Here, in the Brethren mission school, Premchand became a quick student, catching the eye of his teachers, who, in turn, gave him aspirations for additional education. He poured his energy into his schoolwork and forgot all about his jungly little bride-to-be.

In time, though his interest in books did not wane, his disinterest in girls did. The mission staff began to consider how to preserve Premchand's future leadership while still giving attention to Indian customs. They decided that the girl who had been promised to him since childhood ought to have a chance to win the favor which the girls in the mission school had already achieved in Premchand's eyes. They wrote to her family and received an answer. Vahalibai would come to the mission.

When she arrived, she was like all the jungle village girls. Her arms were weighted down with bracelets. Bangles jangled every time she moved. Her clothes were tucked up, village style. She was dismayed to find that what she had been taught would win favorable attention brought, instead, quite the opposite reaction from her fellow students, including Premchand.

She started to learn, enthusiastically and desperately. Bigger than the others, she worked rapidly, often completing two years' work in one. By the time she was in the sixth grade, her easy ways and charm of face and manner had won the hearts of all in the mission school. Her obvious efforts to be liked and to be like the others could not be ignored.

Nor could Premchand ignore her. As he watched her with carefulness and growing affection, he saw that they were not only well chosen for each other by their parents, but that they would choose each other by mutual preference. Though the mission offered her opportunity to continue her education, she wanted first of all to be Premchand's "dear and loving one," as her name indicated.

Her wedding was a high occasion. So was her baptism. The Indian people have a natural flair for ceremonials, so necessary as a relief from the monotony of peasant life. These ancient arts became a part of Vahalibai's home life from its founding on through the years. She made occasions out of the simple events of family life. Family worship became a ritual as dear as the Christian religion and as near as the ancient arts of worship solemnly practiced in Indian homes for centuries. Vahalibai's native ability to celebrate the common has given color and drama to her home and her village.

Her duties as a wife increased when her husband became the principal of the vocational school at Anklesvar, one of the most highly respected positions in the community. Always she sought to keep a bearing worthy of her husband's office. No one came to the house but that she, like a good wife, offered tea. Deftly she pinched off pieces of unleavened bread, rolled them into cakes, and dropped them into hot oil. Then with her black hair brushed into sleek, shining lines, shaped into a bun on the back of her head, her white sari draped in flowing lines to a colored border that fell across the open

sandals on her feet, she served hot tea and freshly made puris to her guests.

She gave to the biggest or to the least job the same amount of care and enthusiasm. She did not presume to take offices which she thought belonged to women better educated than she was. She was a woman among women of the village. They made her their leader and teacher, not because she was a career woman but because she was the good wife of a respected leader in the community, the mother of ten promising children, and a Christian woman of foresight and integrity.

There remained in Vahalibai a simplicity so genuine that her children could not miss it. Her focus was simple: a life of service because of the church which served. She did not make exorbitant demands upon the church — demands sometimes made by new Christians who expected the church to be an all-provident parent, to give long after maturity provided no reason for dependency. She wanted her children to pull their own weight, to meet their own demands, to pay as they went. She set the example for this. The water buffaloes staked in the yard were symbols of her philosophy that each person and each family must earn its own way.

She taught her sons to cook — an innovation in an Indian home — because she wanted them to be able to care for themselves if necessary. She taught her girls to serve meals while she sat down with the rest of the family. She recognized that it does not pay in the long run to keep offspring dependent forever. Families and institutions should establish free, self-supporting individuals. One method is futile and endless; the other is an investment which pays for itself in productive people. She saw clearly that the mission was a bridge between those who came to India because they had something to share and those in India who learned in order, also, to share.

Her children caught this spirit. All attended school, the

oldest daughter being the first girl to graduate from the mission high school. Her seven sons have achieved amazing success in education. The oldest holds a Ph.D. degree from Harvard and is principal of the Christian college at Ahmednagar, India. The second son is a graduate of Cornell University and director of the Rural Service Center at Anklesvar which, in co-operation with American groups, sends teams of three specialists and seven Indians into villages on agriculture extension and public health work. The third son, a high school graduate, is employed as the chief mechanic at the mission. The fourth son is the supervising doctor and chief medical officer for the Dahanu Church of the Brethren hospital under whom American doctors and nurses serve. Two other sons are college graduates and science teachers at Bulsar High School. The youngest is in college. The daughters are married to Christian husbands; two of the daughters are teachers.

On Sundays, Vahalibai follows the best traditions of her people in carrying out religious practices faithfully. She rises early to escape the heat and, long before the church-school hour, walks down the lane, stepping aside for oxcarts, water buffaloes, and an occasional truck or bus. At the church door, she takes off her shoes as a sign of respect to God. Inside, immediately after sitting down cross-legged on a mat on the floor, she bows her head in that quiet manner of the mystic, with the awe and wonder native to the Oriental, and prays for the presence of God.

At the worship service following the class session, she participates with every fibre of her being. The worship service is much like a Western service except that the hymns are sung in unison, without an instrument, and the sermon is in the Gujarati tongue. After the service, Vahalibai gives the traditional salute to her Indian neighbors and shakes hands with her Western friends.

Vahalibai knows both East and West. The patterns

of both are welcome in her home. Both cultures are in the bilingual conversations of her children — the ideas of missionaries, the new laws of independent India. She knows how different the new ways are; the difference has deeply influenced her life and the lives of those near to her.

But she also knows that in Christ all differences can be faced openly, understood lovingly, and used creatively for the glory of God. That glory has no limits in women of integrity and devotion like Vahalibai, in the East or in the West, who pray as she prays, "Dear Lord, show me how I can serve Thee better."



Edith Barnes

Minister of the Printed Page

The dark-haired woman, her hair brushed into a soft twist at the back of her neck, sat at a desk in the Brethren Publishing House at Elgin, Illinois. She was tall, with the bearing of one well born. Her poise, born of a gentility groomed for generations, carried an inbred charm.

Yet as she bent over her desk to write, she employed neither sophistication nor formality. In her writing she used a kind heart and a light touch. Edith Barnes had discovered early in life that a gentle stimulus is more effective than a harsh one.

To the perfectionistic Brethren, perennially troubled with the question of how to treat a member who had failed, she had answers of her own. Love and acceptance. Patience and hope. Her answers came from personal experience. If the rigidity of her Pietist heritage was inadequate to give meaning to life, still, as a mature woman, she lived by the rules faultlessly.

Each workday morning, in fair weather, the neighbors along Commonwealth Avenue and the housewives on Chicago Street set their clocks by her early-morning walk to work. Her fellow workers expected her greeting when she arrived at the publishing house. At the top of two flights of stairs she hung up her coat, opened her desk, and, with her secretary's pad under her arm, tapped lightly on the door which bore

the words, "Editor of Sunday School Publications." After consistently high-quality performance, she received from the General Brotherhood Board the citation for forty years of service.

"How uneventful!" you exclaim. "A person of high intelligence and good breeding, working at the same desk for forty years!"

The lives of singular persons appear monotonous because ordinary people do not look with a careful eye. Edith's clean-cut art did not arrest the passer-by. Yet readers of Brethren publications were richer because of the artistry in her writings. She put their beliefs into parables. She refocused their distortions with new metaphors. She rescued generalities with concrete images. She undercut old literalisms.

One literal-minded Brethren wrote her concerning a fairy story and a picture which appeared in a children's storypaper in 1929. "Do you think you have the right kind of picture for small children to look at?" he wrote. "I say No. Shame on the ones that put it in. Half naked, just the way about half of our young girls are going today."

To such criticism she answered: "The little figure to which you refer is not meant to represent any particular human being, but as the children often call him, Jack Frost. And if you look carefully you will discover that he is covered from neck to toe. It is quite possible that you do not believe in fairy tales. Some people do not. But there are a great many who get pleasure out of reading them and I think I am safe in saying all children do."

Writers sharpened their language under the fine edge of her editorial pen. They also found, in her patience, encouragement to see a job done well. To both writers and editors, printed words are the tools of a precision craft. She used discipline in that craft because she loved it. In her own personal life she found that duty is sterile and that compliance

deprived of love is without motivation. Her editorial work was not duty only.

"I have never found it distasteful," she said to the staff upon her retirement in 1959, "to have a part in the detailed preparation of copy in which editors strive for consistency in the use of hyphens where they belong and lower case caps where good usage demands them. I like some regularity and for the sake of discipline I have had no objection to the demands of schedules and deadlines."

She learned early that life has order and that people have responsibilities within that order. She was born on a farm, the second child of Charles D. and Ida Trostle Bonsack. The chores set by nature's demands were inescapable. Feeding chickens, gathering eggs, and tending animals at the barn were daily chores which did not alter to the whims of children — or grownups, either. The parents scheduled family duties to be performed methodically. If the five children failed to accept this plan for sound family life, unpleasant consequences followed.

The pattern under the parental roof gave them security. Charles Bonsack was a provident father. One of his gifts to his children was a structure into which to grow untroubled and unspoiled. The children grew up as participators in a planned universe, in the cycle of sowing and reaping. The dawning of each new day was God's gift. A well-spent day was the measure of His children's thankfulness. This was clear to the children from childhood.

One cold day, on the two-mile hike to the school from their home, the children were forced by driving snow into the shed in the churchyard. They took counsel of each other, while they rested, to decide what to do.

"I can't walk any farther," whimpered Paul, the youngest.

"The snow is over my boots and the wind blows the snow so that I can't see. Let's go back home," said another.

"Can we make it?" Edith asked of Blanche, the oldest.

"We're halfway to school," Blanche encouraged them. "More than halfway."

"If we turn back, our parents will get out the sleigh and take us to school anyway," replied Edith.

"I want a sleigh ride," volunteered Ralph.

"We're wasting time and we'll be late," announced Edith. "Let's go on. Come on, everybody. Blanche and I will make a path for you to walk in."

This sense of duty and the readiness to make a path to help others remained a principle throughout her life. It brought form out of chaos when she was blinded by storms in her adult life. When disillusionment came, she knew where to turn — to the job at hand. Duty was self-evident. It could not be sidestepped. It was there to be accepted and handled.

If her home made the strait and narrow path of duty clear, the Meadow Branch church a mile up the road made clear the broad universe in which she played as a child of God. While she sat inside the church, or romped with her friends outside, she saw God's handiwork everywhere. The open fields, flanked by sweeping Maryland groves, brought beauty to her eyes and vitality to her spirit.

She heard God's name spoken lovingly by the teachers of the Sunday-school classes, a half-dozen of which met in the same room. A bright girl heard more than one lesson at a time. She trusted God because His name was spoken in reverence by many teachers and preachers, all of whom she trusted. From them she received the philosophy of Christian education which runs through all her writings. "The best person to teach religion is the person who has it," she believed. Good teaching was not what a teacher said or did but what he was. Private life and attitudes, more than public testimony and good works, were the characteristics which marked a good teacher.

The rule that life must square with words laid a heavy hand on her. Disobedience brought judgment and penalties. But in the paradox of God's judgment and God's forgiveness, she discovered the heart of the gospel. All her adult life, she transmitted it faithfully. In the spoken word, on the printed page, in personal example.

When she was twelve years old, her father was called to become the pastor of the downtown church in Washington, D. C. Her world changed dramatically at a time when she, too, moved from the meadows of carefree childhood into the well-defined areas of adult life. She faced loneliness in the city. Her home was hedged in by iron fences. Houses hugged both sides. From her bedroom window she saw the national Capitol, symbol of grandeur and power. Instinctively she turned away from the symbol. In the solitude of her adolescent years, she resolved traditions and legalisms into values of her own.

When her father was called to administrative posts at Blue Ridge College, she moved into the intimate circle of books and scholars. She graduated from college, married, and had a son, Gareth, during the years when her family was associated with the college. When her father was called to the denominational offices in 1920, she moved to Elgin, too. There, at the center of the Brotherhood, she took up her lifework.

Becoming first a secretary in the department of Christian education, Edith later was assistant editor and writer. She attended staff meetings, where leaders of the Brotherhood projected programs for church enrichment and expansion. She learned that programs, without poetic images, did not have the power to motivate people permanently. Well-reasoned plans, if cut off from the passion and the imagery of Biblical men of faith, remained barren to modern Christians.

Following staff meetings, she returned to her desk to write down the religious symbols which stirred and motivated

men — God's approach to men in Jesus Christ; His wrestling for a man's loyalty, as with Jacob of old; His warnings to sidesteppers like Jonah; His contest with the devil for Job's faithfulness; His persistent struggle with Simon to transform him from a blustering, impulsive fisherman into Simon Peter, a devoted and effective Christian leader. Stories like these gave lustre and depth to the reality behind simple existence.

She wrote appeals to Brethren to go beyond personal vanity to a sense of interdependence with all men. She helped to build an image of the church as it grew from its dependency upon a few authorities, through the rebelliousness of adolescence, into self-reliance. She gave confidence to the Brethren as a denomination interacting with new ideas and new groups.

From her desk, she saw editorial personnel come and go. With Dr. E. G. Hoff, editor-in-chief, with whom she worked for many years, she combined to be a source of help to writers. She knew that people seldom grow until they begin to be judged by others than those in their family and culture who are too gentle or too harsh, in any case rarely objective. She respected the right of a person to be judged by people who are willing and able to look at ideas as ideas which rose and fell on their own merits.

She maintained this right. She knew that the Brethren heritage groomed people over a standardized pattern. She also knew that within that heritage it was possible to fashion individual thought and feeling. She had done it. In this assumption of her basic worth as a person, she became a writer and a writer's writer. It was her working premise for all creative persons.

Perhaps she assisted those who wrote and those who read because her own life was something out of a storybook. Fiction is never more strange than truth. But she pulled her dreams down to earth and harnessed them to duty. She clothed

duty with romanticism. She rescued routine by breathing imagination into it.

From the pain of early conflicts, she developed a passion to bring the seemingly irreconcilable together to live creatively for the good of each. She became an artist, one who relates elements regarded as discordant until they furnish new harmonies, difficult at first to sustain because they are new but increasingly precious because they woo and heal the human spirit.



Amy Zigler

The Woman Who Stayed Behind

"How about going along with us, Bob?" called Roy Hoover to his college roommate as he swung with easy stride into the Bridgewater dormitory. "I need you to take my girl's sister. We'll make it a foursome and go canoeing."

Bob knew the girl. She was not exactly his kind. She was Amy Arnold, cute, petite, scholarly. He was expansive and spontaneous with the verve and dash which only Bob Zigler could bring to the small denominational school. Being by nature a good sport, he took Amy on the canoe ride.

He discovered that she held things steady. She did not rock the boat. She balanced it; she brought it safely to anchor. He began to think that she was just the kind of woman for him. Four years later, he married her.

So the story of Amy Zigler, in order to be true to her style as a woman, begins with her husband. To her, Bob was always first. She was the one who stayed behind.

Intuitively, from the first days of their marriage, Amy saw her task with unflinching, wide-eyed vision. She established a home as a refuge from the whirlwind of her husband's active public life. Bob had been called to the church headquarters at Elgin, Illinois, as the first home missions secretary. This job meant travel to the scattered congregations of a loosely organized denomination which sprawled from ocean to ocean, from border to border. Her home was an oasis between his

adventures, many of them visionary, full of the lonely, windswept reaches of a creative mind.

When her husband returned home, Amy was always there. At home Bob fortified his energy and gathered reinforcements for his sagging dreams and his precarious projects. She kept her home ready for him and all weary church travelers. The front steps of her home bore the lagging footfalls of many discouraged idealists who gathered hope after a night of rest under Amy's roof, or a meal of roast beef and mashed potatoes at her long dining room table.

She had a genius for being at home and setting up a home wherever Bob decided they were needed. They formed a partnership in which each understood his need of the other: Bob an intense, eager pioneer far out ahead; Amy a composed, patient woman who invested her time and talents close at hand.

The partnership of home and church was Amy's birthright. Her farm family in West Virginia were strong church people who sent her to their church college at Bridgewater, Virginia, where she prepared diligently to be a teacher. She was companionable and affectionate with the winsomeness of a good listener. She had a loyalty to persons that came from building one relationship at a time and building each securely.

She and Bob were married while Bob was working for the YMCA with the Marines at Parris Island during World War I. When his stint of service ended and her year of teaching in Maryland was finished, they moved to Elgin in 1919. Amy found her family ties stretched by the long distance from home. She filled her need for a family structure by inviting newcomers to Elgin into her home, to be a veritable part of her family.

The generosity of her hospitality was matched by the quality of her homemaking. She was an accomplished cook as well as a bountiful one. Hundreds of young people sat down to her home-cooked Sunday dinners following the church

service at the Highland Avenue church a stone's throw away. She loved things alive, with life-giving vitality: food and children and houseplants. She thrived on the warm, homespun life of the family with its diverse interests which always pulled together into a primary loyalty to home base. She had a native sense of what it takes to make a family structure supportive.

While Bob continued his travels to local churches in the years when the church was feeling its way slowly into the new age of the full-time ministry, Amy stayed at home with full-time duties of her own. Young Bob and Geraldine were born in the twenties. Her father came to live with her until his death.

In the years when her children stretched into adolescence, her pacifist husband was stretching his interests in the world of the thirties threatened by war. Amy watched their interests spread farther and farther from home base. The children went off to college. Bob traveled back and forth to Washington, D. C., with relentless drive, determined to negotiate with the government for provisions for conscientious objectors under America's first peacetime conscription.

Amy encouraged him in her own way. She listened long hours, far into the night, when Bob came home with news of meetings with General Hershey of Selective Service, with peace groups, with Congressmen. She fell in step with his peace witness by aiding persons confronting singlehandedly the mores of a nation at war.

Many of the pacifists whom she entertained in her home were seasoned men carrying burdens of leadership, like Bob. But many of them were young men, confused, rebellious, lonely. She and Bob watched and waited with them as they wrestled through the torture of finding for themselves, for the first time, the soul-wrenching truth of Christ's saying, "For I have come to set a man against his father . . . a daughter

against her mother. And a man's foes will be those of his own household." When this happened, Amy gathered the scattered into her own home.

After the war, Bob and Amy sold the big white frame house near the Elgin church which had long been home to them and others. Amy moved to the Fellowship House to be mother to Brethren Volunteers. When the church called Bob to set up his headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, Amy seemed to know intuitively that one epoch in her life was over.

In the small apartment in Geneva, she worked for her husband's cause in a typical woman's way. She invited the men who worked with Bob at the World Council of Churches offices to bring their wives to dinner. She expanded the cohesive family spirit indigenous to the Brethren to include men and women of all Protestantism.

Amy's life as a homemaker was not a singular life. While she set the table and prepared the roast for dinner, she thought about the work of the church. When Bob burst into the kitchen with his exciting assortment of news, new people and new places, new ideas and new dreams, she managed to look after the stove and the table and her guests, all the while an attentive listener.

"You should have seen that big black African, Amy," Bob said, pacing up and down the kitchen floor while Amy stirred the gravy on the stove. "You should have seen him standing up over us white Christians this afternoon. That big black man gave the whole kit and kaboodle of us something to think about. 'The Christians of the world must declare the gospel of peace,' he said, 'and we black Christians from the younger churches want it declared in a new way—a way different from the way it was declared by churchmen in the last two world wars.'

"Do you hear that, Amy? A man we called heathen a generation ago—talking like that!"

Silent and busy about her own tasks, Amy was with her husband in every word he said, in everything he did. Often on the front steps of her home in Elgin, where she loved to sit in a casual manner as unaffected as her words, she would look over at the church and say, "The church brought me to Elgin as a bride. The church has been my husband's lifework. I knew this and I've been behind him one hundred per cent."

During the two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the church, Bob's forty years of service to the church came to an end. They closed their apartment in Geneva, planning to return to America soon after the celebration in Schwarzenau although they had no home in America to which to come.

If Amy had known that she would be gone and Bob would be left without a home, she would have planned painstakingly to have a home ready for him. God saved her from this last homemaking. She went quietly, between homes, to a home which, this time, had been prepared for her. For the first time, she did not stay behind. She went on ahead, moving quickly and deftly as was her manner, as a beloved servant of God.



Matilde Benalcazar

A Zealous Teacher

The black-eyed woman looked past the letter in her hand, past the mission school buildings, past the mountainous countryside into the distance where the crosses of the Roman Catholic churches stood sentinel over the people below. She was fifteen miles from Quito, Ecuador's largest and nearest city. But the church which had mothered her was persistent in finding her.

"You are a good woman, Matilde," stated the letter. "I beg of you to leave the Protestant mission school." The letter was signed by the priest who had been a lifelong friend of her family.

In an instant, like those moments when, floundering for breath, a person sees an entire lifetime flash before him in review, Matilde saw herself and who she was. She picked up the child who tugged at her skirt. She walked straight to her house and straight to the desk. On a sheet of stationery, beneath the heading, "Brethren Mission School," she addressed her old friend.

"It is because I am a good woman that I am in the Protestant school," she wrote. She continued until she had given a reason for the new faith that was in her.

That faith had come to fruition from seeds scattered on the hacienda of which her father had been the manager when she was a child. She grew up on this farm of several

thousand acres twenty miles west of the capital city. Her father's duties had included the oversight of the Indian workers.

Matilde grew up with the children of the workers. She played their games. She learned their language. She was far more interested in them than in the wealthy landowners who visited the hacienda to check up on the work there. She did not enjoy their bold ways as they sat down to indulge in her mother's roast guinea pig and tamales. Until she was four years old, when the family moved to the county seat of Cayambe, Matilde counted her Indian friends her best. Later, in the town, she supervised the Indian workers who labored for her father and in that way she retained the language and understood the needs of the Indians.

Her mother and her father were in a class different from the Indians. They taught Matilde never to forget this fact. The father was better educated than most and in Cayambe he became the treasurer of the county with many men working under him. Her mother inherited property through her grandfather, the owner of a mule train in Ecuador's overland transportation system.

In their new location, the family built a new house with eight rooms on one floor, with a creek running through the court of the house. Matilde went to school with her three sisters and brother. She attended the Catholic church with her mother and brother and sisters because of public opinion.

Twenty miles south of Quito was a normal school for training teachers. Originally it had been founded for the instruction of Indian teachers but it had become a school of mixed races. By the time Matilde was ready to enroll in a teacher training school, it served to educate all those who wanted to teach. The fact that it was a school where the education of Indians was openly faced appealed to Matilde.

She enrolled and prepared to study toward graduation.

While she was a student at the normal school she met Juan Benalcazar, who was also a student. They became very friendly before graduation time came, when he left to be a teacher and she left to be a teacher in a school where most of her pupils were Indians. It was a new school building, in a village of about five thousand. The building, built with brick, was modern, with many windows.

Immediately she felt at home in the school. Her Indian pupils renewed her zest for helping the Indians who, since her childhood, had been like her own people. She knew their games. She spoke to their needs. She was one of them. When one of the Indian boys was asked, "Why do you like Matilde better than the other teachers?" he replied quite simply, "She knows our language."

And she did. She knew these Indians in many ways. She knew them as no professor can teach about people and their needs. She knew them from being one of them. The Indians had grown into her very own being in the early years when growth is rapid and free.

While she was teaching in the village, she went to Mass regularly. Yet she was dissatisfied with the religion she found there. Meanwhile, her friendship with Juan continued. This brought its problems, too. He taught at a Protestant mission school. To be seen with Juan would cause talk among the villagers. So they wrote letters to each other. They saw each other at teachers' meetings. But whenever Juan wanted to make plans for marriage, Matilde would postpone it because of money.

Finally Juan would accept a postponement no longer. When the day came for the marriage, Matilde's mother solved the problem about Juan's religious association with the Protestants. She asked a priest from a neighboring county, a priest who had been a friend of the family, to come and give the couple a Roman Catholic service.

After the wedding, both Matilde and Juan went to the mission school to teach. This made the break in her relationship with her mother more and more acute. And her father, while seemingly able to understand why his daughter could not embrace fully the Roman Catholic religion, told her openly that he could not follow the path which she had chosen.

One night, in her husband's absence, Matilde found among his books the Book of Books. It was a moment of great revelation to her. She read zealously until one o'clock in the morning and was satisfied that at last she had found the Bread of Life. Meanwhile, in the mission school, she paralleled her lessons to her pupils with lessons for herself on Protestant beliefs. She was a quick student.

All the while she studied the Protestant faith, she attended Mass regularly. Gradually the answer came. It came as a result of many influences: the quality of teaching at the school; the family life of the Streichs, who were in charge of the mission; the freedom between all classes at the school. She came to understand that the church in which there is a creative spirit, in which people are free under God's will for them, is more than the sum total of its individual parts. Most of all she felt an irresistible joy in Protestant worship where she heard, for the first time, a worship service in her own native tongue.

Meanwhile, Juan was eager to return to Quito to earn his bachelor's degree. Before they left the school, she asked the Reverend Paul Streich to baptize her. She also asked him to contact a Protestant school near Quito where she could grow up in the faith.

"So we came to the Brethren school," wrote Matilde in her story to the priest. "Reverend Paul Streich knew, also, that I was a babe in the faith. He sent us to Benton Rhoades and the Brethren mission. While Juan completed his studies,

I taught in the school here. I am happy. Here is where I want to serve."

Matilde found at the Brethren mission the attitudes which she had looked for between teachers and students. She saw people of varying rank and education work together at helping meet human need because of a common Savior who met their needs. She saw words of love carried out in deeds of love.

This was what she wanted from the church for her own people, the Indians. Not finding it in the traditional church, she left the Roman Catholic Church and entered into a fresh new world by faith.

That faith multiplied beyond her knowing. In the eleven years from 1948, when she married, to 1959, when she sat at the Annual Conference of her new church in Ocean Grove, far north on a new continent, she had come a long, long way. She had four children. She had attended a year of studies at Manchester College. She faced new responsibilities upon her return to her own country.

At Manchester College, she and Juan studied ways in which to help the people of Ecuador. They took courses to prepare them in adult education: reading, writing, cooking, homemaking, child care, and first aid. Matilde states her hopes for her adult students at the Brethren school near Quito in minimal and realistic terms: "If we can get the nationals to come to the Center, we know they are not with liquor or with women."

Unknowingly, when Matilde speaks of her Christian faith, she speaks with the same freshness and vigor which has characterized the language of men and women of all ages who have come to know, firsthand, a direct and persuasive revelation of God.

There is a simplicity and a zeal in the Christian faith of Matilde Benalcazar which mark it as the real thing.



Florence Schwalm

College President's Wife

The month of May came as a season of promise to the campus of McPherson College in 1936. The red brown dust that had swirled out of the Kansas dust bowl since the early thirties lay captive at the roots of winter wheat showing green and prosperous. Both the dust and the depression, twin torments to McPherson's tenacity, had become less formidable. There was reason to hope and to rejoice.

Spring brought personal reasons for anticipation among campus seniors. Invitations in hand, they prepared for a series of senior events prior to graduation. One event, the reception given by President and Mrs. Schwalm, sent most of them to the library for research. Those who had mastered requirements for graduation did not disdain the need to look in a book of etiquette for the proper way to reply to the formal invitation from the president's house.

A college campus, that community uniquely concentrated unto itself, must by its very nature set impeccable standards and demand uncommon achievement. To students, President and Mrs. Schwalm became the image of that cultivation of mind and gracious manner of life which they coveted from the time they left the hilarity of high school to enter the somber halls of college. Here they came to have the rough edges rubbed off. Few of them realized until years after graduation that the polish they acquired came from rubbing

shoulders with a friendly scholar like Dr. Schwalm and a woman of warm elegance like Mrs. Schwalm. This close brush with faculty personnel in a small, church-related college puts on a finishing touch which no lonely encounter between a student and his books can ever provide.

In pressed gowns and starched shirts, the seniors rustled with uneasiness as they approached the president's home for the reception. It was the president's wife who put them at ease. She met them at the door, calling most of them by name. She referred casually to parents and friends whom she knew in churches throughout the college region that crossed the Mississippi and Colorado rivers and ran up to the Canadian and down to the Mexican border. Her friendliness was as expansive as the broad area of her friendships.

She was a woman large enough to have room for a generous heart. Her black hair, pushed up loosely from curls at the neck into a frame for her face, outlined features of calm and poise. Her skin had a natural porcelainlike lustre from which the eyes swept dark and bright. Everything about her posture and attire spoke of the simple dignity which, she was convinced, lay within the reach of all college graduates, whether they moved back to prairie villages or stayed near the college community.

When the evening was over, the president's mood was jubilant. After the anxiety of a school term ending with an evening of his wife's gracious entertaining, his spirits were on a high plane.

"Do you know, Florence," he said, "that this is the eighth crop of McPherson graduates you have sent on their way? Think what they would have missed if you had not —"

He paused.

"Had not what?" she asked in reply, as if she didn't know.

"If you had not been willing to come to Kansas nine years ago."

Had she been willing? She could not remember that she was. She only knew that she had come because a set of loyalties and beliefs, deeper than her affection for her home state and people, kept her at her husband's side. His dedication to the cause of higher education in the church-related Brethren college came first. She went right along with him.

Both recalled that when the call came for Dean Schwalm to be president of McPherson there was not much — and not many people — to recommend a change. President Winger of Manchester College cautioned his dean frankly. "You have a good reputation as a dean. Maybe you had better be content with that rather than to take a chance on a presidency." Florence would have to leave her home of thirteen years of colorful housekeeping. Both would part from parental circles in Indiana. Only in memory would they see College Avenue roofed with leafy oaks that mellowed the sunlight along their street and muffled the shouts of students down the sidewalk. Kansas would be bare and brown, the rays of the prairie sun unbroken, and summer temperatures consistently at ninety degrees and over.

They could not sidestep the challenge of the Kansas campus. The task of the president was difficult, the more so because, having had accreditation and lost it, McPherson had to regain it in a struggle that was unprecedented. Moreover, upon arriving, the new president was confronted by confused seniors who wondered if their credits would have value. As he sweated through the first summer to enlist four hundred students by fall, the president entered his first school year with fewer than half that number on the campus and a slim class of sixty-five freshmen on whom to pin hopes for a continuing student body.

Florence was varnishing the floors upstairs when Vernon came home and told her. Tears flooded her eyes and fell to

the floor, splotching the fresh varnish with telltale marks that remained for years. She was ready to return to Indiana. But she did not say, "I told you so. We should never have come." She was not that kind of wife. She did not flinch from her place at the side of her husband just as he did not sidestep the call of a college depleted in its resources. She trusted that she would come to love the school, the college church, and the town until they all spelled home to her.

She and their daughter, Betty, tended home matters while Vernon followed by train and car the seemingly endless level routes that led from the campus to Brethren churches everywhere in the region. He contacted congregations and pastors, businessmen and executives, alumni and friends in an uphill struggle to recruit students and raise endowment. The stipulations of the accrediting committee were pushing up in the very days when the value of the depression dollar was going down, leaving a gap in student enrollment and ready funds. The new president saw that he had to throw himself, personally, into the plight of the school. He literally kept the college doors open with his own two hands when every reasonable prediction cautioned him against hope, and indisputable facts were slammed in his face.

Whether her husband's battles brought victory or defeat, Florence stayed steady. Constantly, from 1927 to 1936, the survival of the college was touch-and-go. She became a sure center when progress was fitful, both for her husband and for his colleagues. Every morning she greeted her family with a bright "Good morning." In company with faculty and church workers, she set a wholesome outlook. Personal distress, she had learned, was not an emotion for public display. She never allowed it to become a tool for self-pity. She resisted by her own calm example those sudden outbursts of anger or sarcasm which change words into open discord. As a result, wherever she lived she made friends. The longer she lived in a place,

the more friends she had. She wore well in every company.

Her position as the middle child in a family of five gave her sensitivity for balance and the ability to correct imbalance. Early in life she knew she wanted to be a schoolteacher. Yet, when the time came for college, she saw that she could take only a college term at a time, then teach until she had enough money for another term. During this tedious process toward her degree, her mother died. Instinctively she knew that her immediate task was to get a teaching assignment near home, keep house for her father, and be a mother to the two children still at home.

In the summer of 1908, when she and her friend, Mina Whitehead, started to Manchester College, they ate their first meal at a table in the dining hall with a young man whose handsome appearance was not lost on them but whose name was. For a long time they called him "Mr. Thunder" because he told a joke about thunder and lightning. It was not long until they learned that this young man was well known around the campus and that his name was Vernon Schwalm. His courtesy and easy manner made Florence feel all the more inexperienced and shy. They began to write letters when Florence went home to teach. They met on the campus for special occasions. Over a four-year period the mood of formal courtesy and remote correspondence began to change. They were in love.

Two years later they married. After living for a time in Chicago for Vernon to complete work for his Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, they returned to North Manchester. Florence became a homemaker in a house on one side of College Avenue. Vernon — now Dr. Schwalm and later Dean Schwalm — set up his office on the other side. She fashioned a home for entertaining campus guests, visitors to the college, students, and friends. Outside she planted flowers which had been favorites of her mother and, like her, watched the

beauties of nature, especially the oak leaves as they turned to warm colors in a courageous protest against frost.

As the years passed, she found that the glamor wore off those celebrated public occasions when she sat at speakers' tables or stood in receiving lines and greeted illustrious personalities as the wife of a college dignitary. In time they wearied her. The real thrill came as she saw young people grow year by year in college, then go out and become great preachers, teachers, missionaries, and Christians in every profession. Herein lay the joy of being a partner to one in the program of Christian education, on campus and in the church where she was a teacher in her own right.

The church made an impression on her from childhood by the very fact that it meant a four-mile horse-and-buggy ride every Sunday to the Union Grove Church of the Brethren. At the church, she loved to follow her father, who led the hymns as chorister. Later, when the children were old enough, he added the voices of his three oldest to his own and formed a family quartet. After hours of practice around the organ at home, she made her first public appearance as a member of this quartet.

Most of all she loved going to church because it meant that she could sit by Grandma Studebaker. Grandpa was there, too, of course, but in the plain meetinghouse the men sat across the aisle from the women. Grandma Studebaker, as deacon's wife, sat in the front pew to the right of the pulpit. Florence followed her in every act of worship. She knelt when Grandma knelt. She observed Grandma pour out her heart in prayer and always believed, though she could not hear the words, that she was included in those heartfelt petitions to God. After the sermon and the benediction, she went along home with Grandma if there was chicken and dumplings, her favorite dish which no one could make as well as Grandma did. Her pleasant relationship with her

own grandmother gave Florence, in her later years, those grandmotherly graces which endear her to her own three granddaughters.

The cozy, at-home feeling about church which Florence knew as a girl never left her. She felt that church folk of all kinds were her kind of people. All were beloved. In Indiana she knew hundreds of Brethren personally. In Kansas, to which she went as a stranger, she knew that her best friends would be found in the church. Together they belonged to the family of God.

She believed that the church and Christian education were inseparable, that each needed the other in order to be vital. Many a student, in his first fling at Biblical inquiry in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom, began to question his own sophomoric theology when he saw the college president and his wife perform acts of worship publicly, regularly, and with unquestionable sincerity and devotion. Their participation in the historic ordinances of the church gave pause to many college students eager to cut their moorings from a backward home church. One college freshman who sat at the spring love feast table with Mrs. Schwalm said that the experience did more to fortify her religious faith than all the chapel talks throughout the year. Another student, his home church torn to shreds by the fundamentalist-modernist controversy of the thirties, picked up the pieces of his disillusionment and started to rebuild his faith because of a book by Fosdick loaned to him by Dr. Schwalm.

Florence organized the women of the Western Region. Then when the family returned to Indiana in 1941 for Dr. Schwalm to follow in the steps of his much-loved idol, Otho Winger, as the president of Manchester College, she became the president of the Brethren women of the Central Region. She represented the church in the Indiana Council of Churches

and held national offices in the denominational women's program.

Year after year, Florence walked side by side with her husband in all campus affairs. Then, in the month of May, the season of promise, she always stepped back while the academic procession formed a line across the campus. Standing outside the line she was never privileged to enter, she followed it with bright eyes as Dr. Schwalm, tall in vision and stately in bearing, led the senior class into a commencement of their careers as leaders of tomorrow.

Florence Schwalm has a robe and a rank of her own in the procession of the faithful. Her citation of honor was penned long ago for such as she by one of the wisest writers of all time:

"Strength and dignity are her clothing,
And she laughs at the time to come.
She opens her mouth with wisdom
And the teaching of kindness is on her tongue."



Kathryn Graham

Pastor's Wife

"She won't be as much help to the church as some preachers' wives," expounded the self-appointed spokesman glibly as he gathered a group together outside the Berkey church house of the Shade Creek congregation after morning services. "They have three children already, the youngest five months. And they're still young enough to have more."

"But I hear he's a fine minister," his wife remonstrated. "And he has a car. A new Model T."

The man laughed. "Says it will take him up and down all the mountains of western Pennsylvania. An easy promise for a man who grew up in the valley in the southeast part of the state."

The other men grinned knowingly.

"I don't know about the rest of you," said a farmer, "but it would go against my grain to pay a preacher who couldn't do as well as the ones we already have for nothing. Some of these new-fangled preachers with book learning use such fancy words I don't know what's been said after hearing it."

The crowd fell back as Elder Fry came out the church door and approached them.

"Can any of you help move Brother Graham's furniture on Wednesday?" he asked. "He says there's not much but he'll need a hand with what he's got."

The men mumbled assent. In the company of Elder Fry

—“a saint if there ever was one,” they all agreed—they recognized their Christian duty and their shame in prejudging a brother and a sister in the faith.

The welcome which the men gave Brother and Sister Graham the next Wednesday, though cautiously proffered, grew expansive with time and stretched across fifteen years. Yet the surmises of the men, with the raw wisdom of common sense, had validity of a sort. The new Model T chugged exhaustively over mountains that bulged up and down the preaching circuit of ninety-four square miles. The new preacher mastered snow, sleet, and mud to see folks who were bitter, bereft, and isolated. He delivered book sermons, too, but less fancy than many had feared. It was true that his wife did not have much time for church work. Before the Graham family left the Shade Creek congregation, there were six children instead of three.

The prospects at Shade Creek were slim for John Graham — who was called Brother instead of Reverend, “which might make him proud.” When night fell on moving day, the Berkey parsonage held a sparse assortment of earthly possessions typical of a minister by their very sparseness. The World War I model of the Singer treadle sewing machine, for the minister’s wife to protect the ebbing cash on hand while simultaneously bolstering the wardrobes with made-over hand-me-downs and homemade clothes. The costly books and magazines, incongruous with the family income but consistent with the young seminarian’s reach for knowledge. Games to buttress the family’s gaiety against the chill reminder — with a cemetery next door — of the troubles that hover around the parsonage door and telephone. The few pieces of durable furniture, not enough to provide privacy for each member of the family, yet sure to include a “spare” bed and bureau for the visiting evangelists or drop-in Brethren who expected hospitality by virtue of their kinship as Brethren.

As Kathryn Graham fitted these odds and ends together in the everyday pattern of parsonage life, she packed hidden values into her family, too. The statistics of fifteen years at Shade Creek, five years at Middletown Valley in Maryland, nine years at Buena Vista and four years at Pleasant View in Virginia are not the whole story. Neither are the statistics of six children, born across a period of eighteen years, with their need for meals, books, clothes, friends, music lessons, parties, chores, advice, and punishment. Kathryn Graham was interested in more than juggling these factors into a long-term investment in her children. She put spiritual values into the human potential which surrounded her — a pastor-husband in God's service and six lively, intelligent children.

She held to her purpose when congregations were unaware of their obligations to the pastor's family. These were the days when the educated, salaried ministry was new in the church. She, like many others, held steady when insecure because she did not want her husband to break faith with his promises and dreams. She held to her purpose through the tyranny of the depression, on seventy dollars a month less the cost of operating a car. That operating cost of "six gallons of gas to the dollar" seems small today. But the children remember that their father never cut down on mileage with an eye to saving money so long as some human need beckoned from the far side of the mountain. It was promptly assuaged with the reassuring chug of the minister's Model T.

She held to her purpose in the lonely business of parenthood. Often her husband was out in the parish, in evangelistic meetings, at conferences, wherever he was needed. She assumed management for weeks at a time. Once she was the lone engineer when she and their four children were quarantined for scarlet fever. She remained soft-spoken but firm when her intelligent brood, ingenious at exploiting an open situation, needed to be bridled. She harnessed their

energy with mental arithmetic, with games and puzzles, and with cross-stitch samplers worked by both boys and girls. Always there was work in the garden which supplied five hundred quarts of food every summer. The boys hoed the weeds and brought in the harvest while their mother filled hot Mason jars on the cookstove.

Family activities centered in school tasks by day and chores and games in the evening. Activities seemed to come up spontaneously with every wedding celebration in the community or when dull times gripped the rural scene. The six children were well, happy, secure. Life was simple. Their needs were satisfied.

The parents, however, harbored a nagging concern which plagued them more with every passing year. It came into the open when Galen's high school graduation approached. Would he get to college? The problem was not one of lack of ability or desire on his part or of aspiration on the part of his family. The anticipation of college could be read between the lines of the thumb-worn bound volumes of the family's *National Geographic* magazines. These volumes had been a lavish family investment against cheap ideas and tawdry imagination. College for the Graham children had been assumed. Yet the salary of a Brethren minister before World War II made the assumption preposterous.

As Kathryn faced the fact that they could not afford a college education for all the children, she looked them over to pick out one or two favored ones. Scientific, perceptive Galen; business-minded Wilbur; tender-hearted Faye, who wanted to be a nurse; Arlene, whose aggressive mind moved directly ahead; Allan, quiet and shy but quick. She could not reject any of them. And what about the new baby on the way? If he were like the rest, she could not leave him out either. Ways must be found for all.

Ways were found. At the time of this writing, John, the

youngest, is at Elizabethtown College, where four Grahams before him finished their courses of study. The other graduated from Bridgewater College when the family lived in Virginia.

The problem of near-poverty in the Brethren parsonage of the nineteen twenties and thirties must be seen in perspective to be understood. When John Graham graduated from Bethany Seminary in 1922 with a full B.D. degree, after his A.B. degree at Elizabethtown, he was one of a small group of professionally educated ministers in the church. He was fully prepared for the ministry in a denomination totally unprepared for him.

One by one, congregations moved into the salaried ministry. But it was a slow movement. The trend came not because of ineffectiveness in the hundreds of competent, on-the-job ministers who manned Brethren pulpits since the origin of the denomination. It came because of changing demands which congregations made on their ministers. The people wanted full-time men, with academic training. Yet they were not equipped to support, financially or emotionally, the ministers or the programs which they initiated. As a denomination, the Brethren had a long way to go in pastor-parish relationships. They lacked the experience which other Protestant groups had evolved over several hundred years.

The first Brethren pastors were missionaries in new, untried fields as surely as were the missionaries in fields across the ocean. They had their stories, too, of pathos and heartache. The silence of the well-disciplined parsonage family has left the stories largely untold.

The important point is that the Brethren, by the Spirit of God, aided by statesmanlike ministers and elders and laymen, moved through the birth pangs of the transition from the part-time free ministry into the full-time salaried ministry. The result has been richer forms of worship, more beautiful

church buildings, wider outreach, more finesse in human relations, stronger programs of Christian education, and more precision in the arts and skills necessary to the church's life and thought.

What assured the future of the educated ministry in the Brotherhood? Not the prospect of congregations unusually beneficent to their pastors. Rather, the promises of individual men and women before God.

"Why did we stay in the pastorate under conditions which seem like privation today?" said John Graham. "The answer is a story. Kathryn and I met at college. We had gone together for five and a half years. Part of the time she taught school to save money and I went to Bethany. I was in my last year at the seminary with two quarters to finish when we decided to get married and take a chance on coming back later to finish.

"One of the professors called me in before I left and asked me why I was leaving. I told him. He replied very simply, 'What would it take to get you to stay?' I told him I would have to have two hundred and fifty dollars to bring Kathryn back with me and stay through the spring quarter. Without hesitation he wrote a check for that amount and handed it to me. It was in a day when apples sold for a penny on Van Buren Street and for less than that in Wenatchee. I asked him the terms for repayment and he said, 'That you give your life in service to the church.'

"I have honored that promise ever since I made it because I honored the man to whom I gave it." As John finished his story, Kathryn nodded her head in agreement.

They were married. John graduated. They went to a dying mission in New York because the district had no other openings. Their unpromising first charge might have snuffed out their high resolve, as it has done to many young idealists before and since. The Grahams simply moved to Shippensburg,

where they set up housekeeping. John went "on his own" to find enough evangelistic meetings to support his family. There was no administrative organization to clear pastoral changes, largely because there were very few pastors.

For five years John took on series after series of evangelistic meetings during which he once received a check for sixteen dollars for a meeting two weeks in length. Room and board were furnished free, of course, but this concession did not extend to the growing family at Shippensburg, whose needs for warmth and food were heavy on John's mind. Then came the opportunity at Shade Creek and the challenges of a growing congregation and a growing family.

As the boys grew up, church leaders wanted to lay hands on them for the ministry. "Don't touch them," said the perceptive parents in somewhat of a warning. "They have seen too many hard times in the ministry."

"But they'll forget some things and remember the important values," reminded Kathryn. "There's plenty of time. They'll come through their doubts if you don't push them."

In Kathryn Graham there is that mysterious human mixture which has come to symbolize the Brethren pastor's wife. She has always lived close to her husband's work simply because he has needed her. Before the recent building boom after World War II, Brethren church buildings seldom had a separate room for the pastor's office and study. Even less frequently did he have assistance in his work beyond that given him by volunteer workers.

The pastor studied, held interviews, and laid out plans under the parsonage roof. There his wife helped him by answering the phone, running the mimeograph machine, welcoming visitors, and scheduling activities. Human ills and joys in an abundant supply in every variety yielded their special savor to the parsonage atmosphere. While she was still young, the pastor's wife was exposed to the bitter in life.

With painstaking care, she did not let it get stirred into her diet to set her own teeth on edge or to taint her children's food. They grew up in the health-giving nurture of the church.

In the year when the Brethren celebrated their two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary, Kathryn's oldest son was the teacher of an adult Sunday-school class in the Lancaster church, where his brother, in September of that year, led the Anniversary Call to double the congregation's Brotherhood giving. While the work of these older sons continues, Faye teaches at the University Park church, Arlene works in the Elizabethtown church, and Allan teaches in the Charlottesville congregation. All of them were baptized by their father; all were married by him, except John, who is unmarried, and still a college student. The wives and the husbands of all the children are as active in the work of the church as are the Grahams.

The man at the Berkey church underestimated Kathryn Graham when he said, "She won't be of much help to the church with that big family." He did not appraise accurately the responses made by children of a godly mother. Especially when she takes hard work, fatigue, and heartbreak, as Kathryn Graham took them, and mixed them with Christian hope to place her parsonage family under the security of God's care.

Faces Among the Faithful

Long



Price, \$2.75

FACES AMONG THE FAITHFUL

BY INEZ LONG

Faces Among the Faithful is addressed to an age in which success is more popular than heroism and fact more celebrated than faith. Moreover, Christians come perilously close to accepting popular religious success stories as the norm for faithful Christian life.

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This book illumines some of the faces of Christian faithfulness dear in Brethren history.

(Continued on inside back flap)

JACKET DESIGN BY PAUL DAILEY



THE AUTHOR

(Continued from inside front flap)

Inez Long is the great-granddaughter, granddaughter, niece, and wife of Brethren clergymen. Born in a country church community in central Iowa, she grew up in the isolation of the prairie and the separatism of a religious minority which both established and enforced a nonconformist culture. She was twelve when the family moved to Des Moines. Challenged by an environment alien to the culture in which she had been schooled, she recaptured the perfectionism and individualism of her religious forebears in artistic and literary pursuits. Later, as a free-lance writer, she found her subject matter in religious folk stoutly committed to the peculiarities of Pietism and quietly living the good life.

Mrs. Long graduated with honors from East High School, Des Moines, and from church-related Manchester College, Indiana, with majors in art and literature. She taught school and then became the editor of youth publications for the Church of the Brethren, Elgin, Illinois. Following her marriage to a Brethren minister in 1943, she lived at University Park, Maryland, and Dayton, Ohio, and since 1955 at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She is an art teacher, a free-lance writer for religious publications, a member of the General Brotherhood Board of the Church of the Brethren, and the mother of a teen-age son and daughter.



HIS PEN IN HER HAND

Compiled by Anetta C. Mow

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FACES AMONG the FAITHFUL